PENTHOUSE comix

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Special Valentine's Issue

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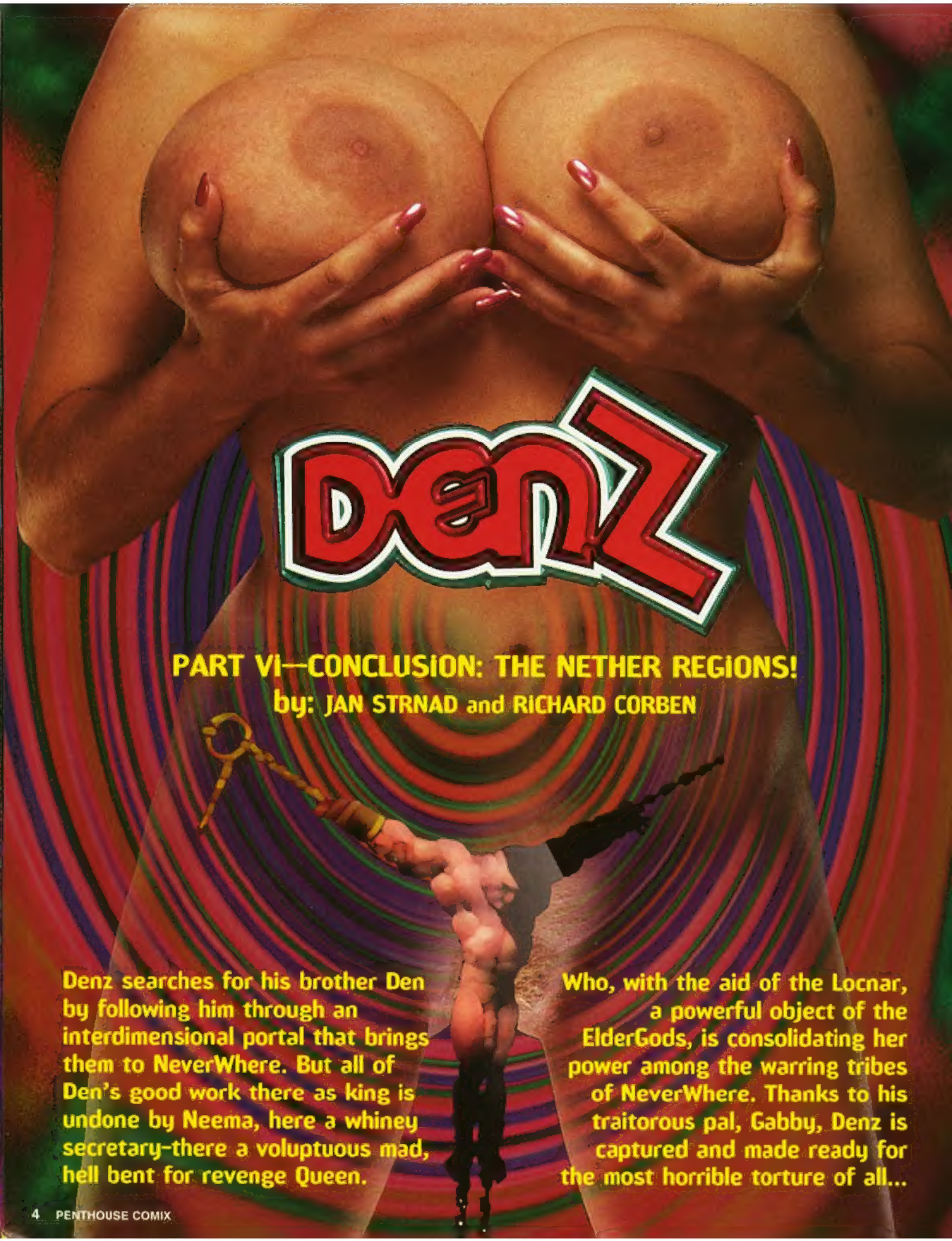

PART VI—CONCLUSION: THE NETHER REGIONS!

by: JAN STRNAD and RICHARD CORBEN

Denz searches for his brother Den by following him through an interdimensional portal that brings them to NeverWhere. But all of Den's good work there as king is undone by Neema, here a whiney secretary-there a voluptuous mad, hell bent for revenge Queen.

Who, with the aid of the Locnar, a powerful object of the ElderGods, is consolidating her power among the warring tribes of NeverWhere. Thanks to his traitorous pal, Gabby, Denz is captured and made ready for the most horrible torture of all...

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I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HERE I AM, ONE OF THE ELITE GUARD, ON MY WAY TO ESCORT THE GREAT DEN TO HIS EXECUTION!

GOSH, LIFE IS SWEET, ISN'T IT? ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU GET TWO OF THEM!

DID I TELL YOU GUYS ABOUT HOW I GOT AN EXTRA LIFE?

I WAS STARING STRAIGHT UP INTO THE DARK BEAK OF DEATH, YOU KNOW, WHEN QUEENIE ZAPS ME WITH THE LOONAR AND...
OH, WOW! THERE HE IS!
THE MIGHTY DEN.
SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS FOR HIM...DUMPED INTO THE PIT OF THE ELDER GODS!
KIND OF A SHAME, REALLY, HIM BEING A HERO AND ALL. MAYBE SOMEBODY'LL SHOW UP AND RESCUE HIM AT THE LAST MINUTE!
MAYBE IT'LL BE HIS BROTHER DENZ, OR MAYBE...
GRKK!
MAYBE IT'LL BE ME!

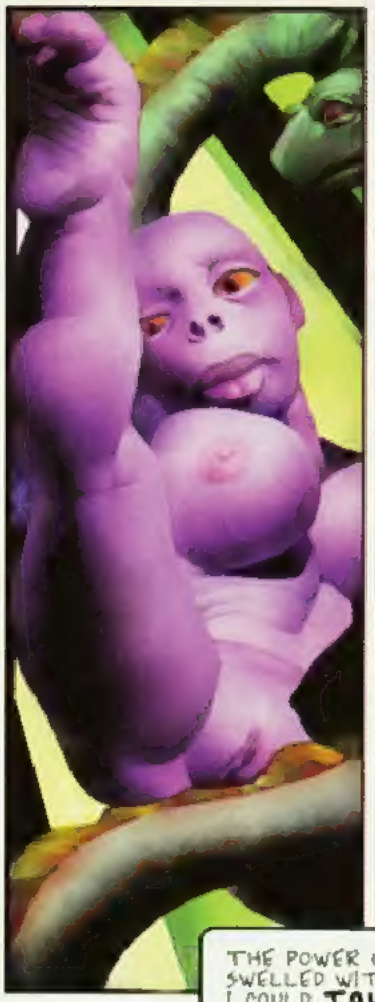
SORRY, NEST BROTHER, BUT DEN IS THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF NEVERWHERE!

PANG!
FWISH
SMASH!
STOMP!
JAB!
THIS IS A LOT HARDER AFTER YOU'VE LOST THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!
THWK!
PUNCH!
PUNCH!

HEH! OKAY! YOU PASSED THE TEST! QUEEN NEEMA WILL BE VERY PLEASED!

OR...MAYBE NOT.
GKRAK!

ON YOUR FEET, DRAMITE!
IT'S UP TO US TO REGAIN THE LOCNAR AND FREE NEVERWHERE FROM NEEMA'S EVIL GRIP--
OR DIE TRYING!
RIGHT!
WELL, UP TO THE LAST PART, ANYWAY...



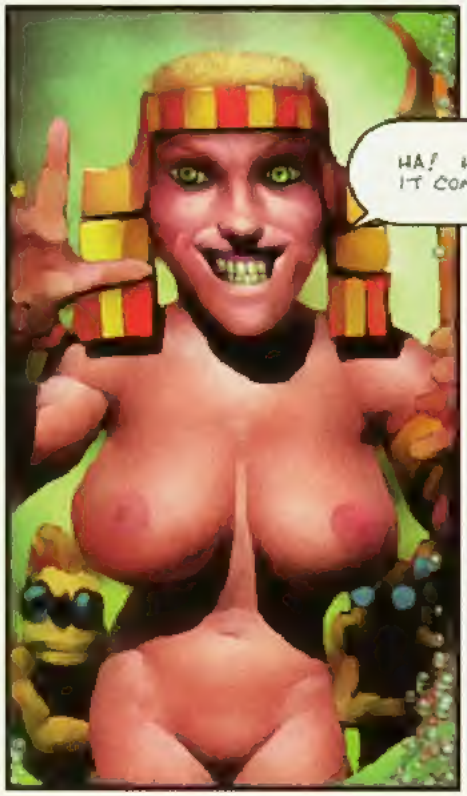
THE POWER OF THE LOCNAR SWELLED WITHIN ME! IF ONLY I COULD **TOUCH** MYSELF--

I HAD TO SELL OUT YOUR BROTHER TO GAIN NEEMA'S TRUST, DEN, SO I COULD RESCUE YOU AND YOU COULD GET THE LOCNAR BACK! IT WAS A HARD THING TO DO, BUT...WELL, HE'S KIND OF A GOOFBALL, YOU KNOW.
YES, BUT STILL...YOU MAY HAVE CHOSEN THE WRONG HERO!

I'M OLD, AND DENZ IS YOUNG!

IF HE'S ANY GOOD, HE'S ESCAPED FROM THE QUEEN BY NOW!

I WAS A GONER.


HA! HERE IT COMES!

THE EEL WRAPPED ITSELF AROUND MY MANHOOD AND SQUEEZED!
NO! THAT ISN'T FAIR!
WITH MY RELEASE, THE LOCNAR'S ENERGY BURST FORTH, SHATTERING MY BONDS, THE CAGE, THE GLASS TANK AND ALL MY PRECONCEPTIONS ABOUT HOW GOOD A CLIMAX COULD FEEL!
THBCK!!
K-K-K-SSPLO-OSSH!
AAAAGH (GLUB)!

THE LOCNAR! NO! NO!

DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING? MY EARS AREN'T AS GOOD AS THEY USED TO BE.
HM. YOU'D THINK THAT WHEN THEY GET BIGGER...

RROOAARRSSSHH!
GAAAAAH!

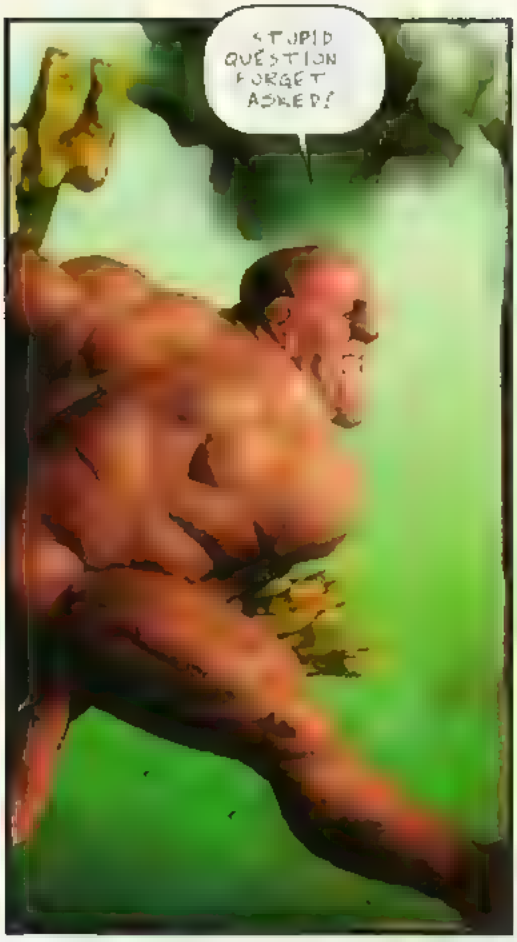
UUUH! WHERE...?
THE PIT OF THE ELDER GODS! AND THE LOCNAR!

DAMN YOU, DENZEL!
SWAK!
UNGH!

YOU ALMOST RUINED EVERYTHING! ONCE I RETRIEVE THE LOCNAR, I'LL FRY YOUR BUTT TO A CINDER!

ANOTHER FEW INCHES AND IT WOULD'VE FALLEN INTO THE PIT! WOULDN'T THAT HAVE PISSED OFF THE ELDER GODS!

YOU'LL NEVER REACH THE LOCNAR IN TIME, DENZ, BUT I CAN...WITH YOU HELP!
CAN I TRUST YOU?

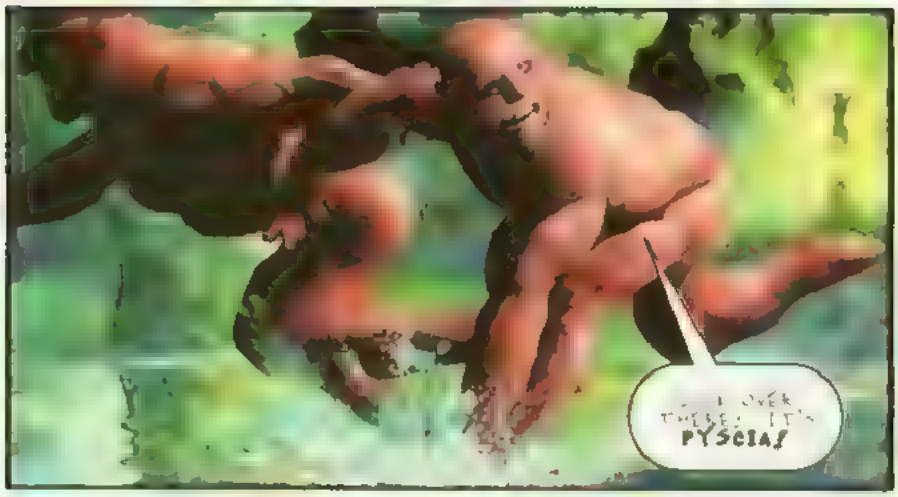

STUPID QUESTION FORGET ASKED!

JUST GRAB THAT SCEPTER!
CONSIDER IT GRABBED!

GOT IT!

DAMN YOU TO HELL, DRAMITE!
REMEMBER ME, DEN?! REMEMBER ME!

DEN IS HE ?
HE'S DOOMED HIS SECOND LIFE PROVED TO BE A SHORT ONE
NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THE LUNAR WILL IRRITATE THE ELDER GODS!


PYSCIA!

SOUND

ULUHTC!

RUMBLING
WIND
RRRSSSSSLLLK

WHEN AT LAST THE AIR WAS
THE EARTH CEASE
NOTHING OF NEEMA'S PALACE NEMANEL AND NO SIGN OF NEEMA HERSELF

THE EVIL WAS GONE, BUT SO WAS PARADISE WONDERED HOW WE COULD POSSIBLY REBUILD NEVERWHERE WITHOUT THE LOCNAR
THEN IT APPEARED, SPIT OUT BY THE GODS
KRONK!
YOU'VE DONE WELL, DENZ. IF YOU LIKE, I'LL MATERIALIZE A PORTAL THAT WILL RETURN YOU TO EARTH
NO, I'VE FOUND MY HOME HERE
BUT---- THERE'S ONE THING YOU COULD DO,-

-SINCE WE'RE SURROUNDED BY QUOITS.
NAME IT, DENZ!
BELLS, USE THAT THING TO WHIP UP A NICE SET OF BELLS-
THE END

young
CAPTAIN ADVENTURE
SO... WHAT DO YOU FIGURE THAT'S ALL ABOUT?
I THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH "HOPE SPRINGING ETERNAL"...
!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE STORY PROPER...

HOLY...

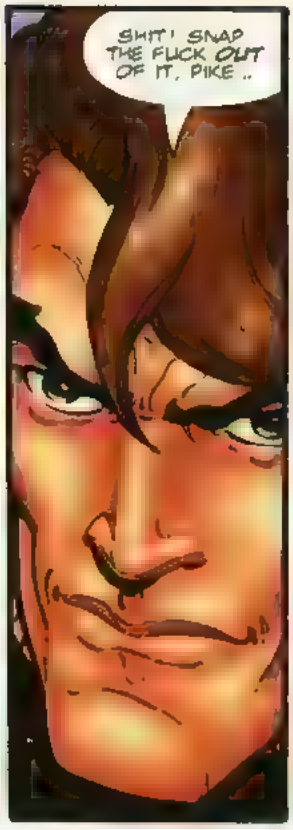
WHEN TABOOS TOPPLE!
OKAY, YOU GUYS, THAT'S IT! A PAGE OR TWO OF EROTIC FANTASY WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF THE STORY IS ONE THING, BUT THIS IS PUSHING IT! YOU'RE BEING PAID TO TELL A FUCKING STORY! NOT TO CLUTTER UP THE PAGES WITH A BUNCH OF DISCONNECTED STROKE SHOTS (NOT THAT THAT'S A BAD THING, PER SE). I MEAN, C'MON, A HELMET WITH A DICK ON IT? THE LEAST YOU GUYS COULD DO, IF YOU'RE GOING TO SLACK OFF, IS PRETEND THAT THE IMAGES HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE STORY— SUCH AS IT IS!!
—DAVE
KEITH
TWILIGHT GRAPHICS

POP!
WHAT THE HELL...?
AHHH EXCUSE ME MISS AHH ADVENTURE IS IT? ARE YOU. OKAY?
NOT THAT I DON'T APPECIATE THE AHH THAT IS ..UM
NICE HOOTERS?
GRO-OOOANNN ..
NNNN-RAH!!
HEY!!
TH-DUMP!
CHRIST! WHAT ARE YOU, ON DRUGS!?

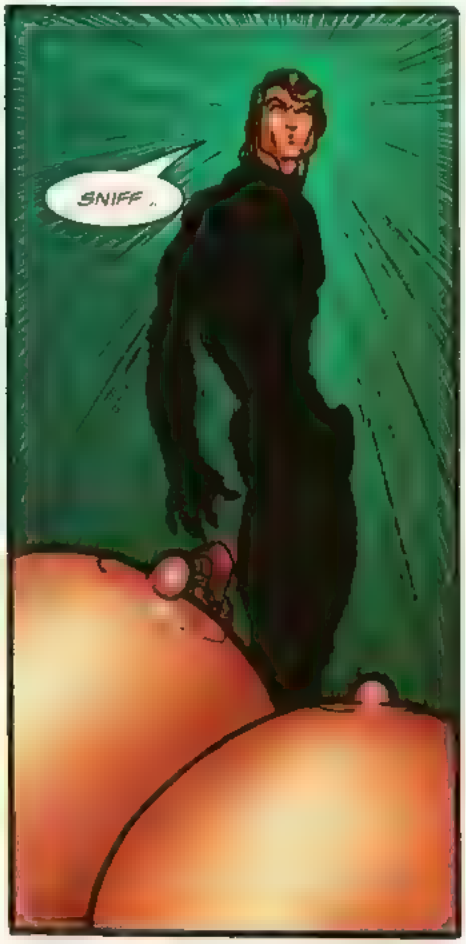
HEY! YO! WRONG TIME, WRONG PLACE!
WILL YOU BACK OFF! I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M DOING THIS!
P-P-PLLLEEEEASEEE...
LOOK, KID NO OFFENSE IT'S JUST THAT I'M ON KIND OF A STRICT TIME-TABLE HERE
STRICT AS IN--IF I'M FOUND HERE I'M DEAD MEAT.. SNIFF
MAYBE A RAINCHECK... SNF-F
SNIFF?

CAN'T BELIEVE I'M HAVING TO GO THROUGH ALL OF THIS BECAUSE OF A STUPID REFRIGER...

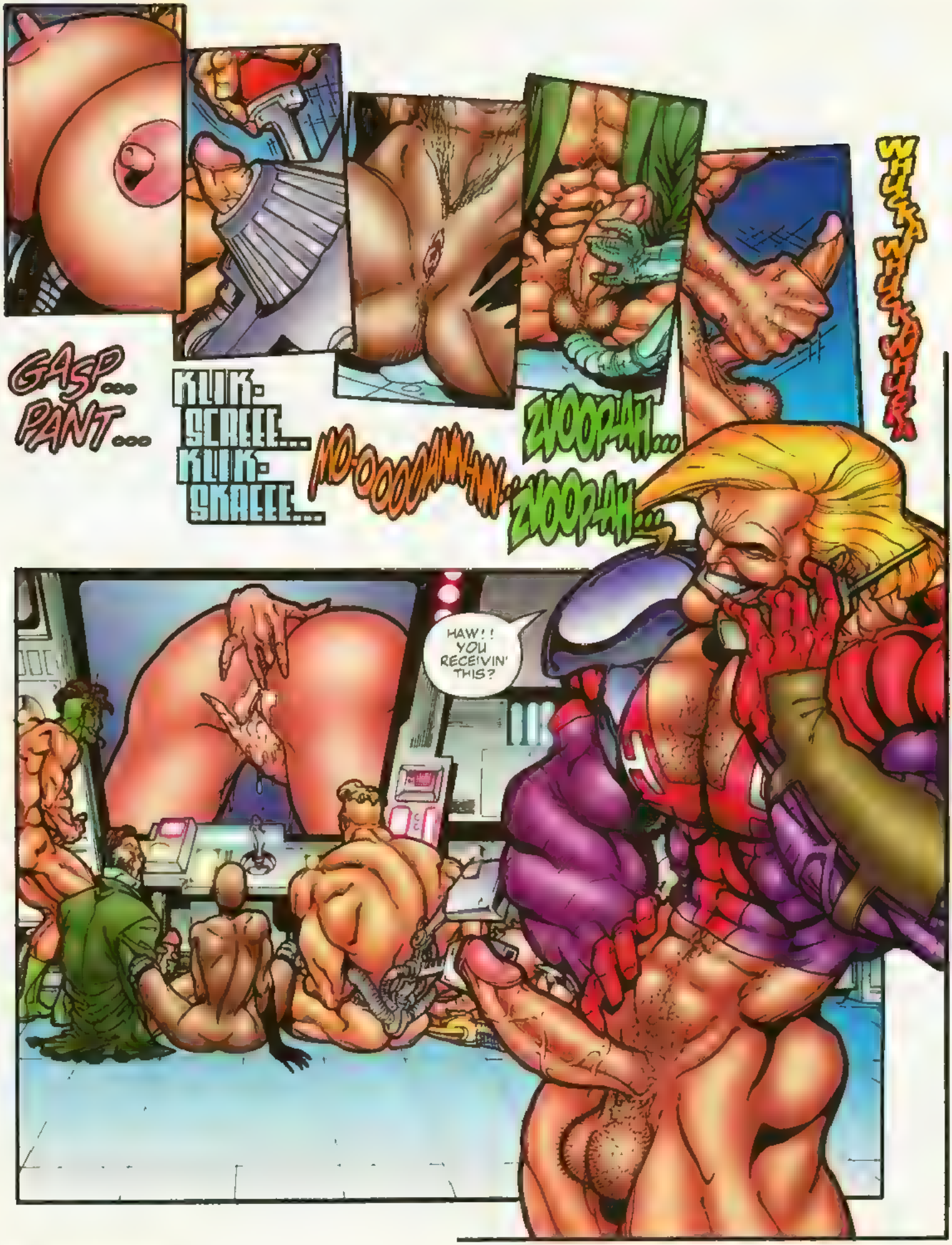
..A...TOR..
SNIFF


SHIT! SNAP THE FUCK OUT OF IT, PIKE ..

AND DON'T YOU START IN!


SNIFF ..

AHHH... WHO'M I KIDDING ..?


GASP... PANT...
KLIK-SCREEE... KLIK-SKREEE...
NO-OOOAHHHH...
ZVOOP-AH...
ZVOOP-AH...
WHUKA WHUKA WHUKA
HAW!! YOU RECEIVIN' THIS?

LOUD AND CLEAR JUST MAKE SURE WE GET THE CONTRACTED-FOR AMOUNT OF CLOSE-UPS. THE CLIENT WAS VERY ADAMANT ABOUT THERE BEING
DON'T SWEAT IT! CAN'T WAIT T' SEE TH LOOK ON TH' KID'S FACE.
... WHEN HE FINDS OUT HIS LITTLE "SEXCAPADE" WITH HIS SISTER'S GONNA BE A VIDEO RELEASE!
GOTTA RUN BEV GOT ME A WOODY IN NEED'A SOME WHITTLIN' .HAW!!
SISTER ?
KUK

WILL THEY DO IT? WILL PENTHOUSE COMIX ACTUALLY BREACH THE FINAL TABOO?

WELL MAYBE NOT THE FINAL TABOO UNLESS, THAT IS THERE ARE FARM ANIMALS THAT I'M NOT AWARE OF INVOLVED

THE NEXT TO LAST TABOO, THEN, WILL JOEY AND CAMILLE, BROTHER AND SISTER, ACTUALLY DO THE DEED--SO TO SPEAK--IN THE PAGES OF THIS VERY MAGAZINE?

AND IF THEY DO, WHAT ARE THE ODDS THAT ANY OF OUR LOYAL READERS WILL SEE THEM, DO IT, I MEAN

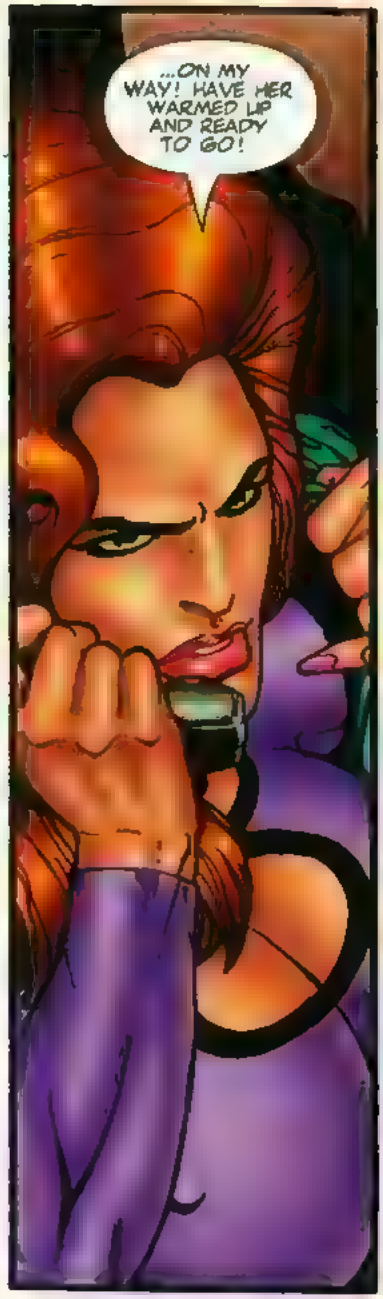
NOT THAT THEY'D ACTUALLY BE DOING ANYTHING, YOU SEE, THEY'RE NOT REAL. THEY'RE JUST DRAWINGS IN A COMIC MAGAZINE.

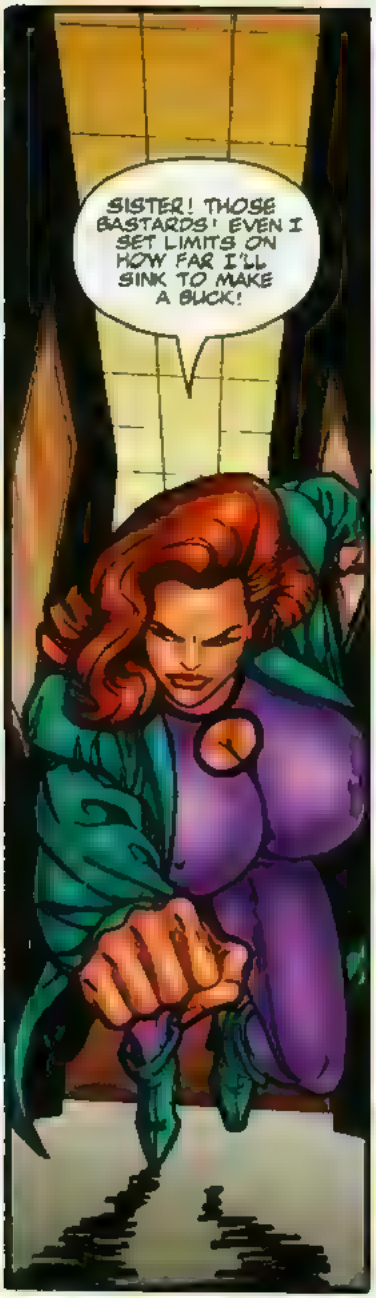
SO THEY'D ONLY BE DRAWN DOING IT. A DISTINCTION WORTH POINTING OUT NOT THAT THE CENSORS WILL TAKE THAT INTO CONSIDERATION

ALL THEY'LL FOCUS ON ARE HER HEAVING, CREAMY BREASTS. HIS RAMROD PENIS, POISED TO PIERCE THE VELVETY FOLDS OF HER .

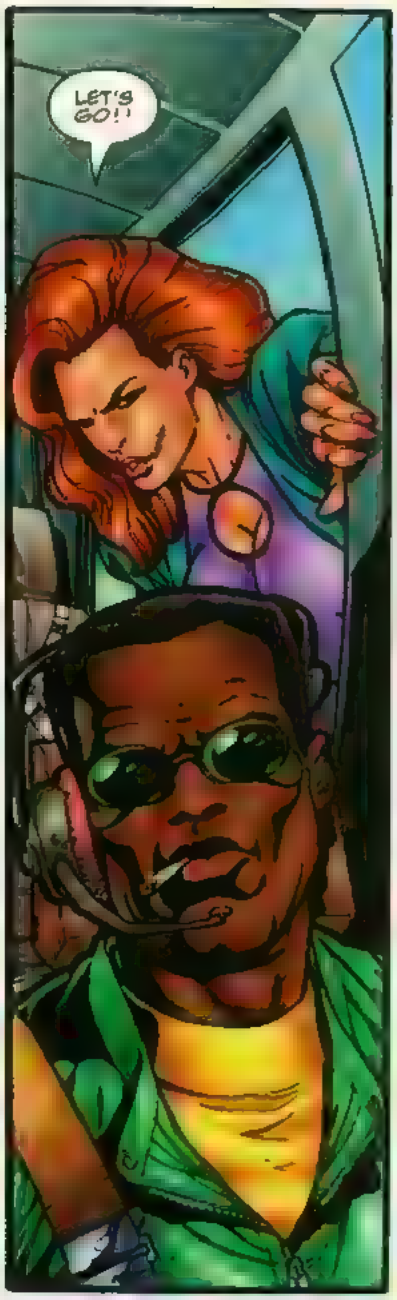
SPLUT-UT-T

WE...AHH...NOW RETURN YOU TO OUR STORY, STILL IN PROGRESS...
SORRY

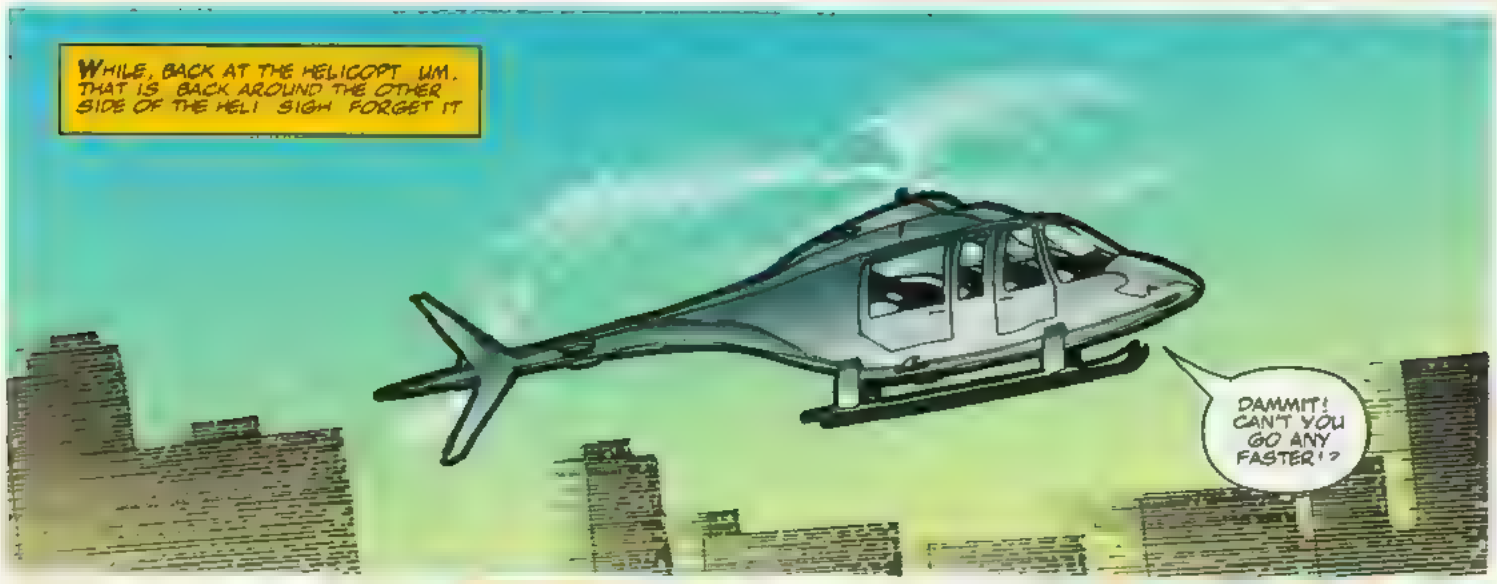

...ON MY WAY! HAVE HER WARMED UP AND READY TO GO!

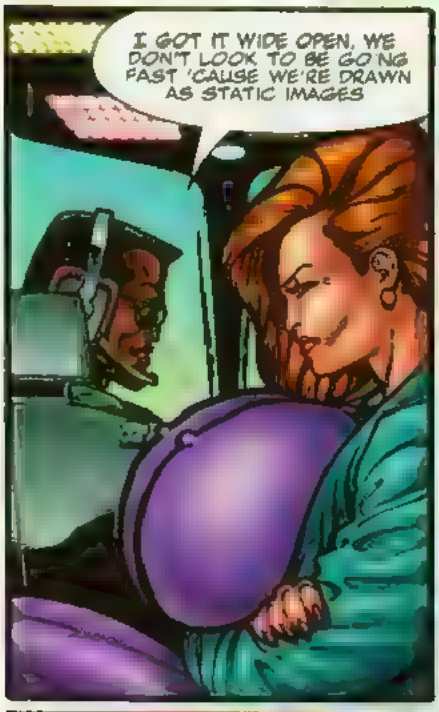

SISTER! THOSE BASTARDS! EVEN I SET LIMITS ON HOW FAR I'LL SINK TO MAKE A BUCK!

THIS IS WAY TOO SICK FOR MY TASTE! AND JOEY! IT'LL KILL HIM WHEN HE FINDS OUT!
THE ORGANIZATION'S INVESTED TOO MUCH IN HIM FOR ME TO STAND BY AND LET THOSE PERVERTS TURN HIM INTO A BASKETCASE!

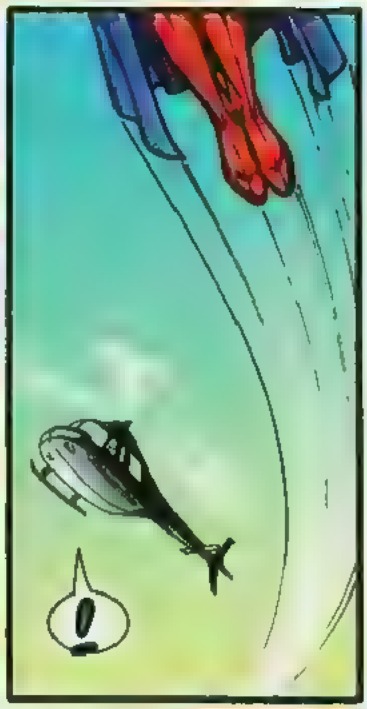

LET'S GO!!

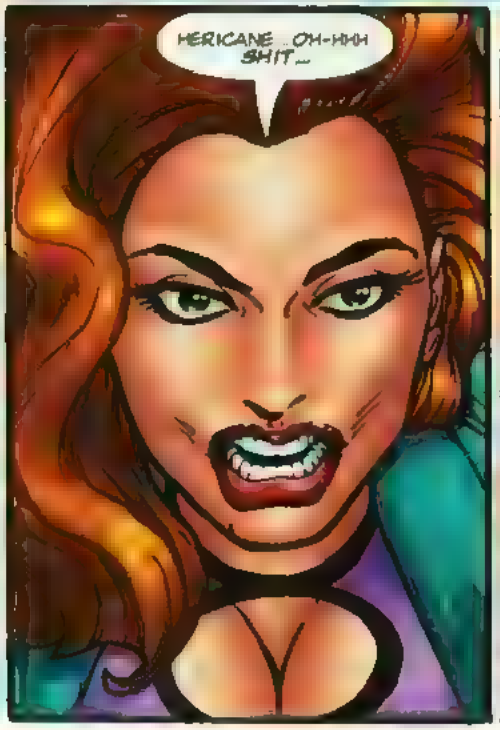
THANK GOD HE'S REALLY INTO FOREPLAY...

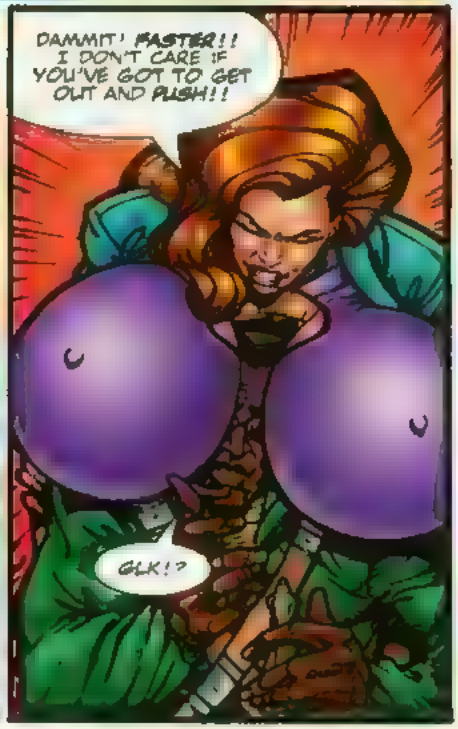

WHILE, BACK AT THE HELICOPT UM. THAT IS BACK AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HELI SIGH FORGET IT
DAMMIT! CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER!?

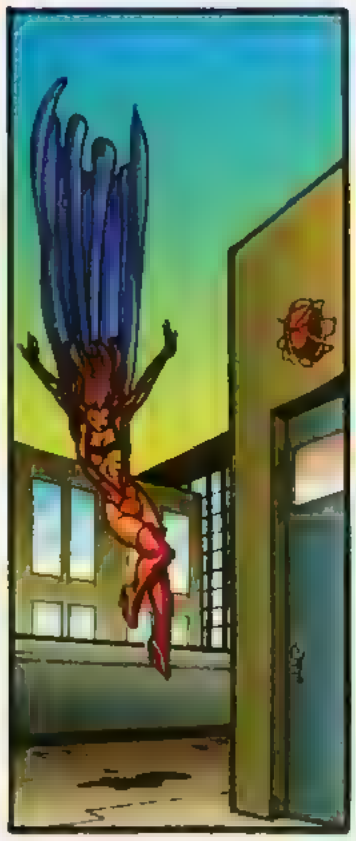

I GOT IT WIDE OPEN, WE DON'T LOOK TO BE GO NG FAST 'CAUSE WE'RE DRAWN AS STATIC IMAGES

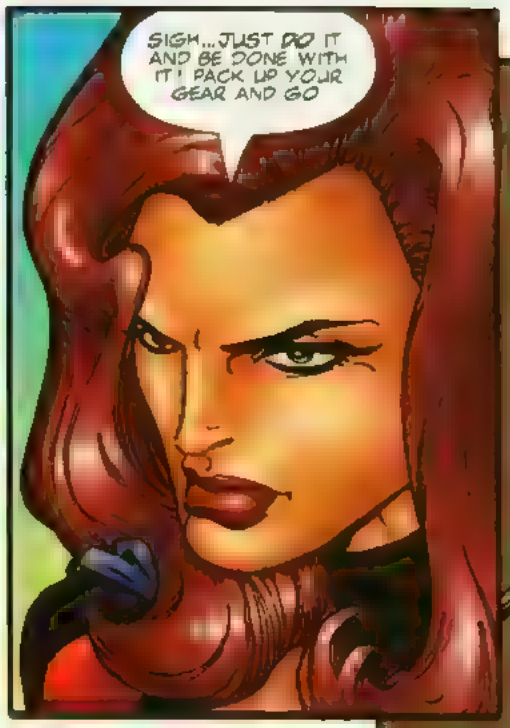
HMMM...THOSE LAST TWO PANELS WERE REALLY SELF-REFERENTIAL. I DON'T LIKE IT IT USUALLY MEANS THE CREATIVE TEAM IS RUNNING OUT OF IDEAS..




HERICANE...OH-HHH SHIT...

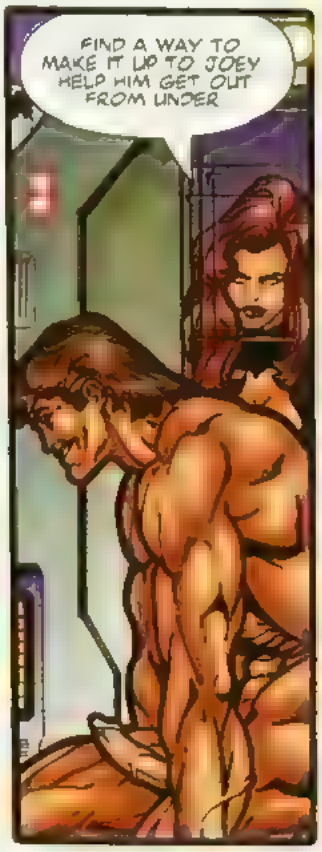

DAMMIT! FASTER!! I DON'T CARE IF YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT AND PUSH!!
GLK!?




SIGH...JUST DO IT AND BE DONE WITH IT! PACK UP YOUR GEAR AND GO

AFTER WHAT THEY D.D WE D.D TO JOEY.
I CAN'T TURN A BLIND EYE TO WHAT THE TEAM HAS BECOME NOT ANYMORE. TOOK YOU DAMN WELL LONG ENOUGH EM' OL' GAL

MAYBE IT'S TIME TO HANG UP THE CAPE ONCE AND FOR ALL GET ON WITH EMILY'S LIFE PUT ALL OF THIS HERICANE NONSENSE BEHIND ME ..

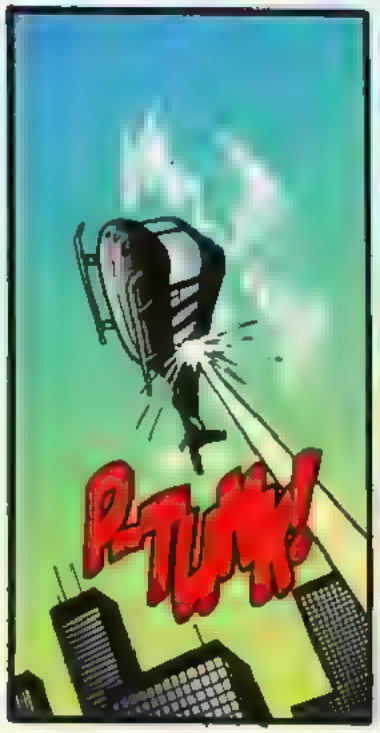

FIND A WAY TO MAKE IT UP TO JOEY HELP HIM GET OUT FROM UNDER

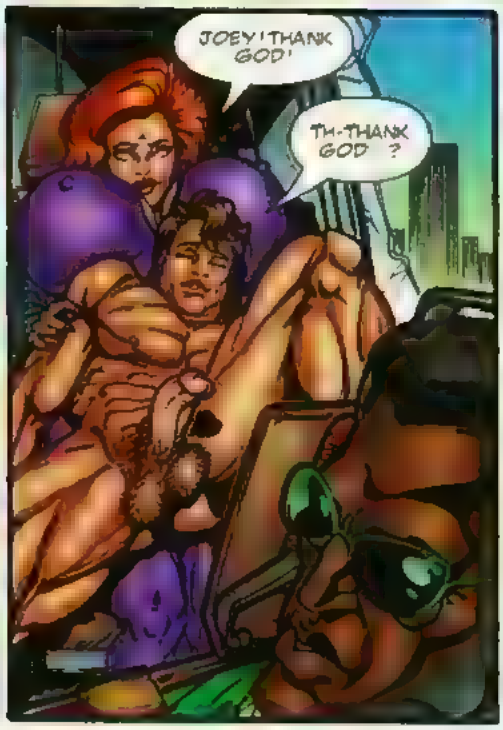
HEY, JOEY
EM'...

YEAH THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO FIND A WAY TO HELP HIM OH...
JOEY?
UH.. OH..

THE ROOF! PUT 'ER DOWN ON THE

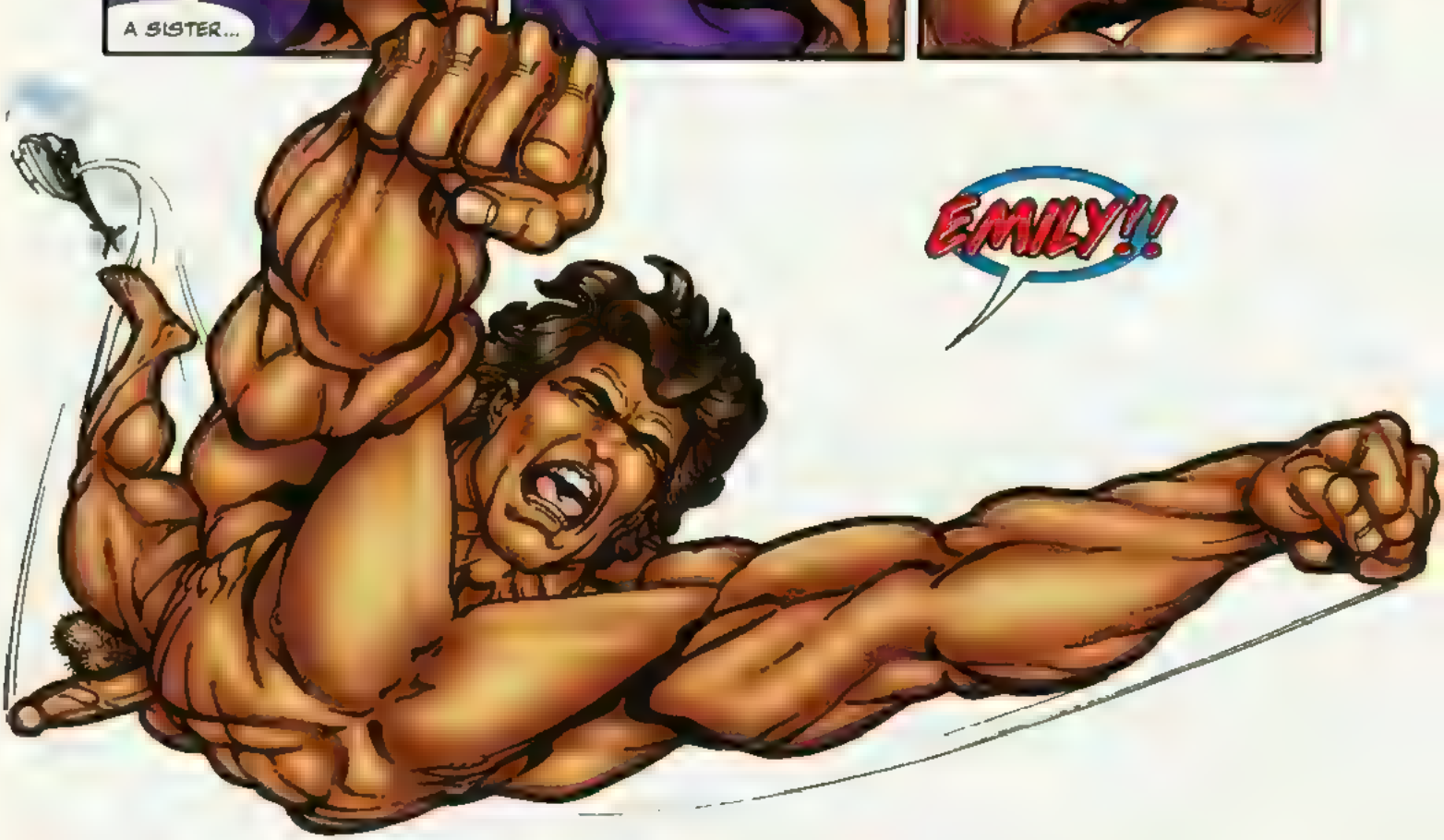
K-TAGG-SH!

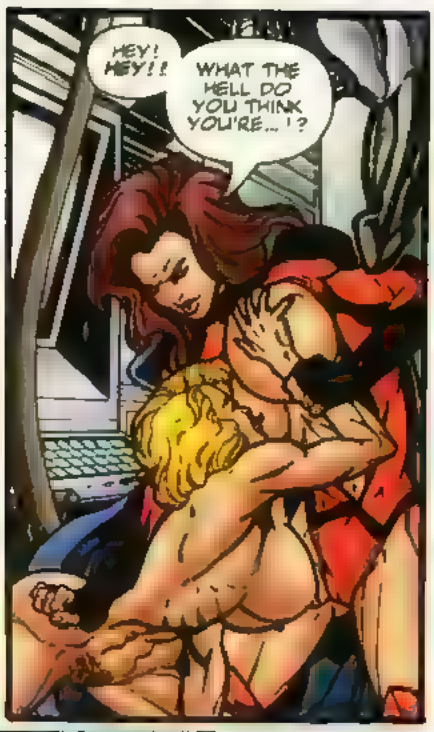

P-TUNK!

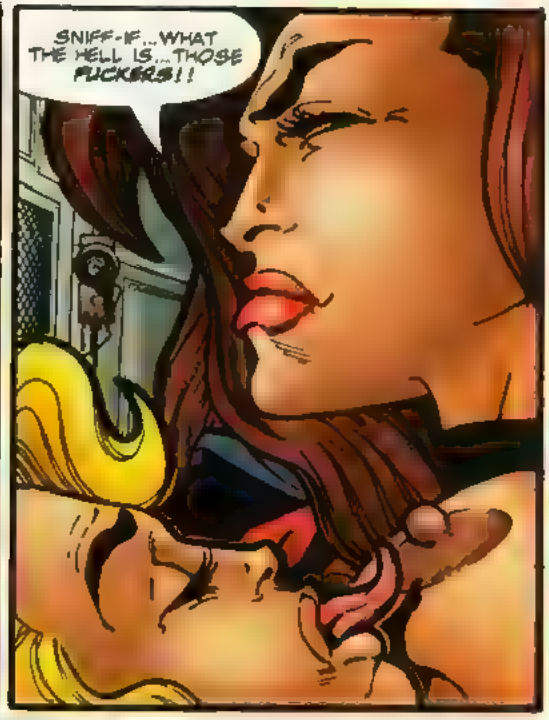

JOEY! THANK GOD!
TH-THANK GOD ?

THANK GOD YOU DIDN'T, YOU DIDN'T, DID YOU?
..DID'N . ?
FUCK YOUR SISTER!

WHAT'RE YOU...? I DON'T HAVE A SISTER!
YOU DO! A TWIN! YOU WERE SEPARATED AT BIRTH!
SISTER?
PLEASE TELL ME YOU DIDN'T...
YOU DID, DIDN'T YOU!?
WOW...I GOT A SISTER!
A SISTER...
...HERICANE!
OMIGOD...!!


EMILY!!





YOU LUCKED OUT, HON. THIS PLACE REEKS OF SOME KINDA GAS, SO I'M FIGURING YOU'RE NOT ACCOUNTABLE FOR YOUR ACTIONS.

JUST GIVE ME A SEC' HERE TO CLEAR THE AIR.

WHHHOOOOSSSSH

EMILY! DON'T! SHE'S MY SISTER!!

PO-OOOF!

SISTER, HUH? OKAY... THE PIECES ARE STARTING TO FALL INTO PLACE NOW.

GLEEP...!

OOOOHHH.. WH-WHAT ..?

GAS KICKED IN?

WHOOP! WHOOP! GIMMEGIMME GIMMEGIMME!

GOOD.

SLAM

HUNG!

SLAM!

SCREEK-KRUNCH!

HEY! JEZUZ!!

GRAB HIM, SOMEBODY...!

...OFF! GET HIM OFF ME!!

WRONG HOLE! WRONG HOOOOLE!!

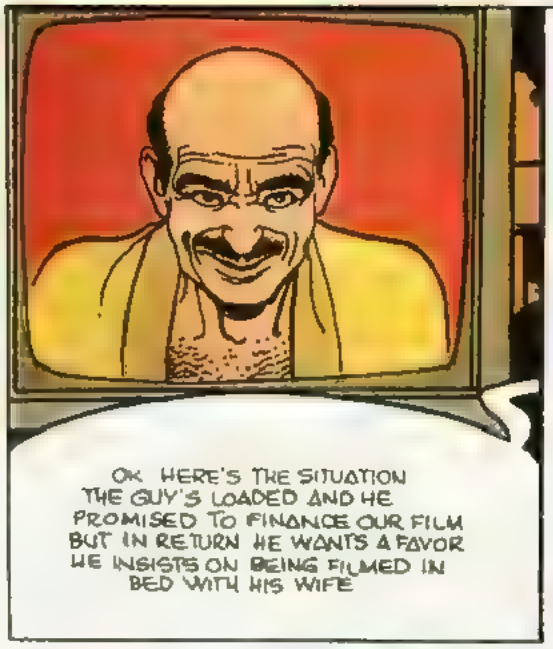
A B-B-BROTHER? I'VE GOT A... BROTHER...
...AND WE ALMOST... ALMOST...
HR-RRIL-
GRGL-AGRR!
WE WILL NEVER SPEAK OF THIS... EVER AGAIN!
"NOW, WHAT'S ALL THIS BROTHER-SISTER NONSENSE?"
"YOU SAID NOT TO TALK ABOUT IT..."
"NOT THAT! THIS!!"
"WHAT 'THIS' ARE YOU REFERRING TO?"
"THIS THIS!"
"OH, YOU MEAN WHEN SHE VOMIT..."
"I THOUGHT I SAID WE WEREN'T GONNA TALK ABOUT THAT!?"
SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.

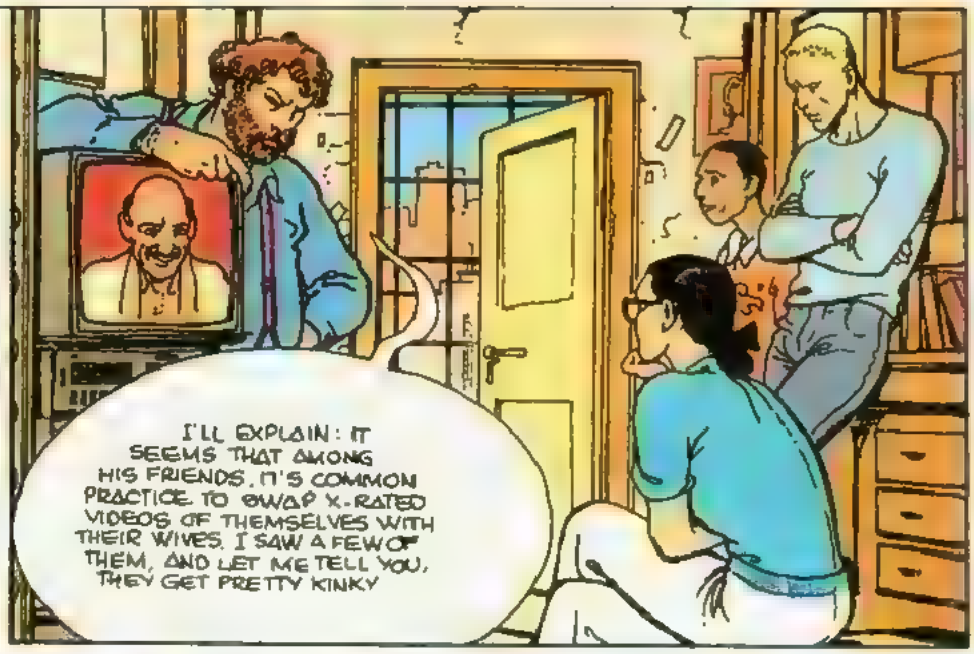
MILO MANARA'S

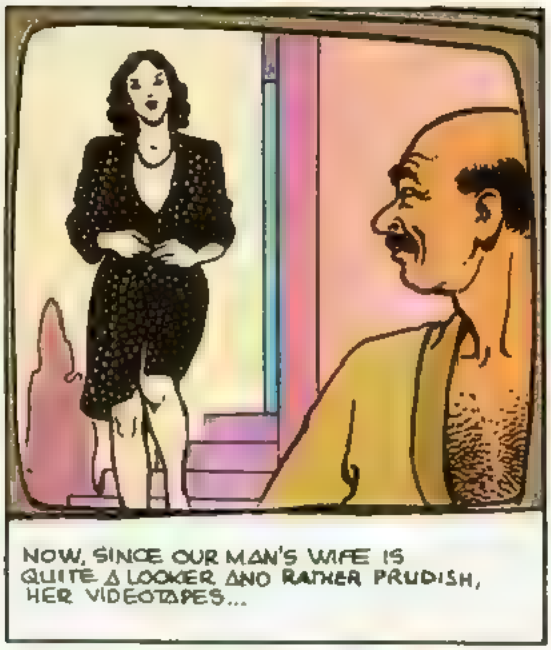
The Setup

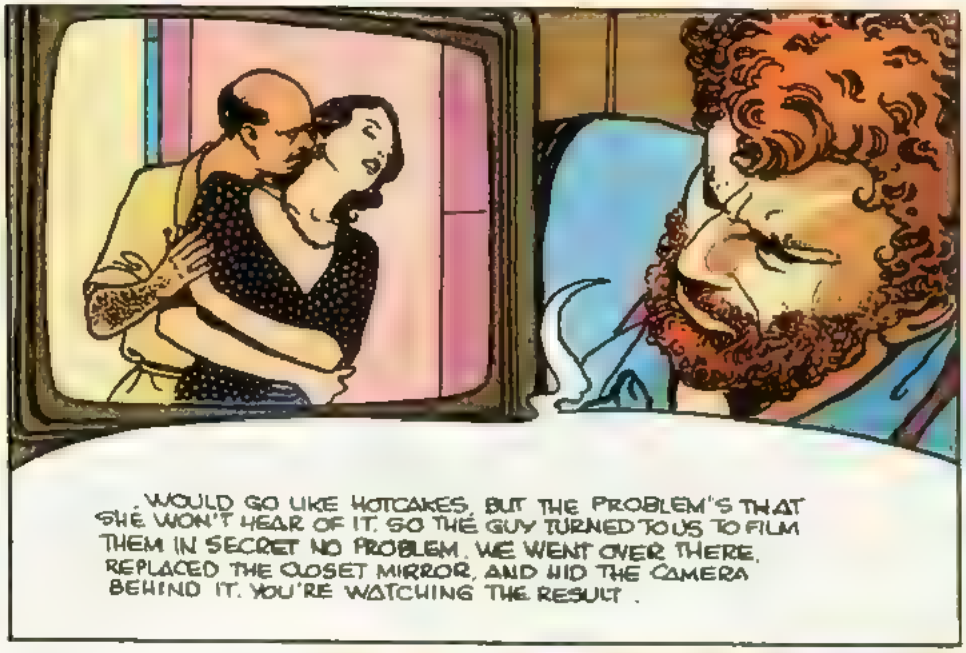
part 4

HIDDEN CAMERA

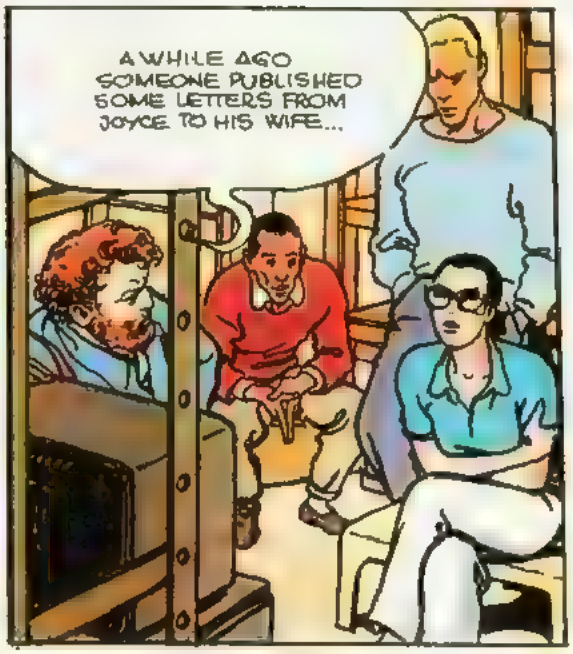

OK. HERE'S THE SITUATION. THE GUY'S LOADED AND HE PROMISED TO FINANCE OUR FILM BUT IN RETURN HE WANTS A FAVOR. HE INSISTS ON BEING FILMED IN BED WITH HIS WIFE


I'LL EXPLAIN: IT SEEMS THAT AMONG HIS FRIENDS, IT'S COMMON PRACTICE TO SWAP X-RATED VIDEOS OF THEMSELVES WITH THEIR WIVES. I SAW A FEW OF THEM, AND LET ME TELL YOU, THEY GET PRETTY KINKY


NOW, SINCE OUR MAN'S WIFE IS QUITE A LOOKER AND RATHER PRUDISH, HER VIDEOTAPES...

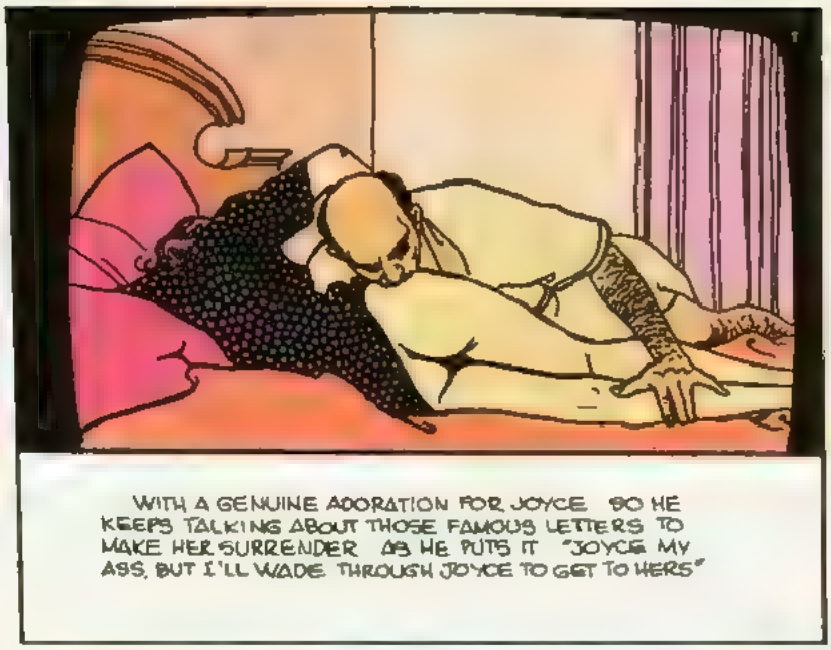

...WOULD GO LIKE HOTCAKES, BUT THE PROBLEM'S THAT SHE WON'T HEAR OF IT. SO THE GUY TURNED TO US TO FILM THEM IN SECRET. NO PROBLEM. WE WENT OVER THERE, REPLACED THE CLOSET MIRROR, AND HID THE CAMERA BEHIND IT. YOU'RE WATCHING THE RESULT.

HERE HE'S TALKING TO HER ABOUT JOYCE. WHY JAMES JOYCE?


A WHILE AGO SOMEONE PUBLISHED SOME LETTERS FROM JOYCE TO HIS WIFE...

...WHICH REVEALED THAT THEY ENGAGED IN, LET'S SAY "UNNATURAL" SEXUAL PRACTICES.

NOW, THE GUY'S WIFE DOESN'T WANT TO DO THESE THINGS, HOWEVER, SHE'S AN AMATEUR NOVELIST


WITH A GENUINE ADORATION FOR JOYCE SO HE KEEPS TALKING ABOUT THOSE FAMOUS LETTERS TO MAKE HER SURRENDER AS HE PUTS IT "JOYCE MY ASS, BUT I'LL WADE THROUGH JOYCE TO GET TO HERS"

HERE, AS YOU CAN SEE, IT LOOKS LIKE HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE IS ABOUT TO GIVE IN TO THOSE JOYCEAN CHARMS..

BY NOW HE SEES A GREEN LIGHT

HE'S ALREADY THINKING ABOUT WHEN HE'LL SHOW THE TAPE TO HIS FRIENDS. AND EXACTLY AT THIS POINT, THINGS GO WRONG!

DATATRAK!

THE CAMERA FALLS WITH A LOUD NOISE AND SHE FINDS THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET CONCLUSION: HE'S PISSED AS HELL AND OUR MOVIE'S UP IN SMOKE.

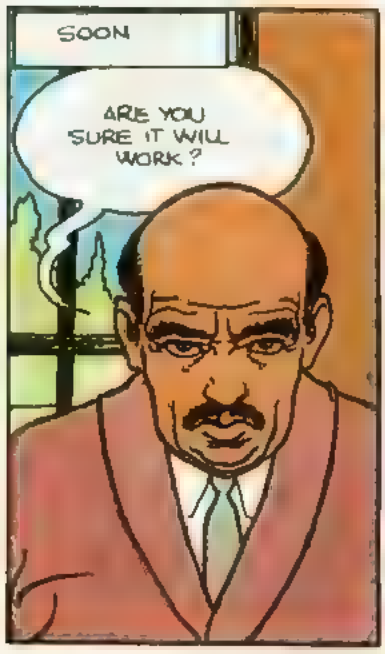
THERE MIGHT BE A WAY TO SAVE THE DAY..
YEAH WHAT?

A STAND-IN

IF WE PUT A WIG ON HONEY AND DRESS HER LIKE THE WIFE.
PAT YOU'RE A GENIUS!

HURRY! CALL HONEY AND TELL HER TO MEET US AT THE MAN'S HOUSE THEN STOP AND BUY THE WIG!

S
M
WHAT IF HONEY GETS REALLY PISSED?
SHE'LL GET OVER IT IT'S FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

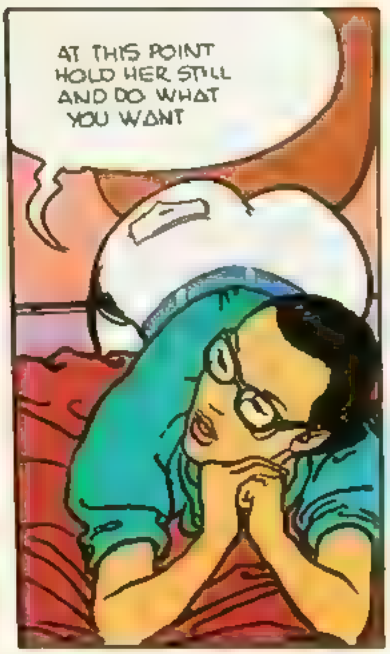

SOON
ARE YOU SURE IT WILL WORK?

ABSOLUTELY NO ONE WILL NOTICE THE SWITCH
WE'LL SHOOT A CLOSE UP OF YOU TO CUT THE ACTION.

THEN WE'LL FOCUS ON THE GIRL, WHO'LL BE IN THIS POSITION. JUST LIKE ME.

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN HER THIS WAY...

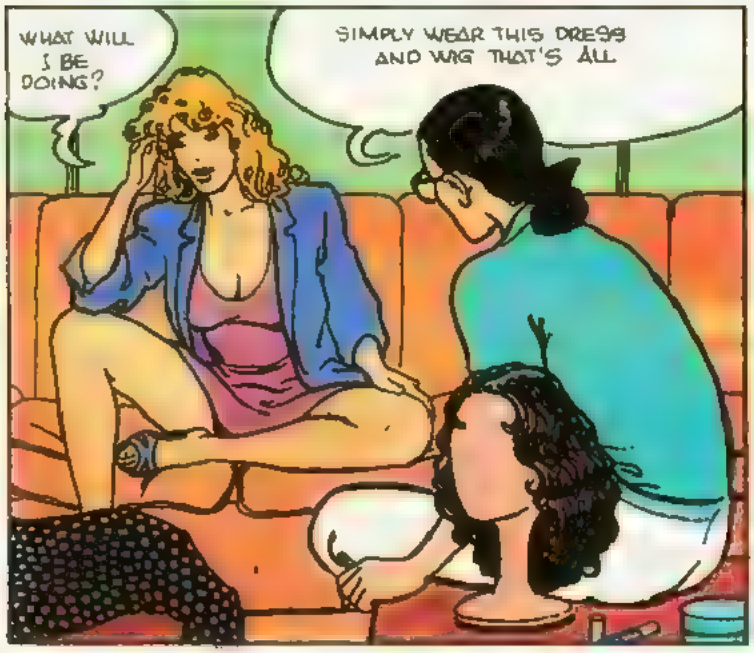
UNTIL YOU'LL REACH THIS POSITION, WITH ER HER BACK TO THE MIRROR, SO HER FACE WON'T BE SEEN


AT THIS POINT HOLD HER STILL AND DO WHAT YOU WANT

WHAT'S GOING ON?
HONEY, THERE YOU ARE!
I'LL EXPLAIN, LET'S GO.

NICE BROAD ARE WE SURE SHE'LL GO ALONG WITH IT
JUST HOLD HER STILL IF SHE RESISTS, IT'LL BE MORE REALISTIC!

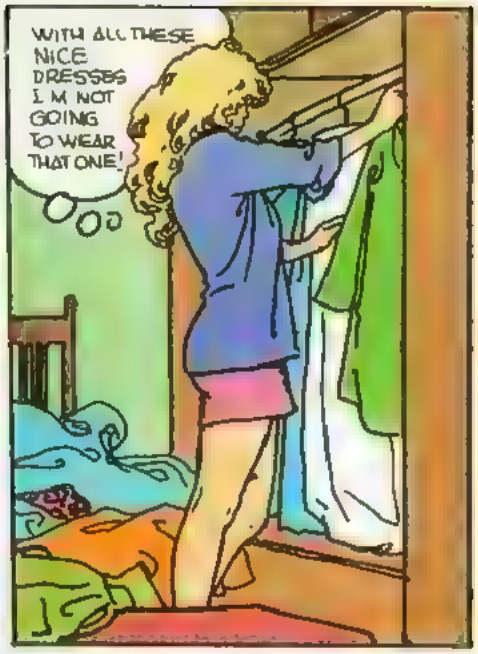
IT'S A SIMPLE SHOT YOU'LL BE DONE IN FIVE MINUTES

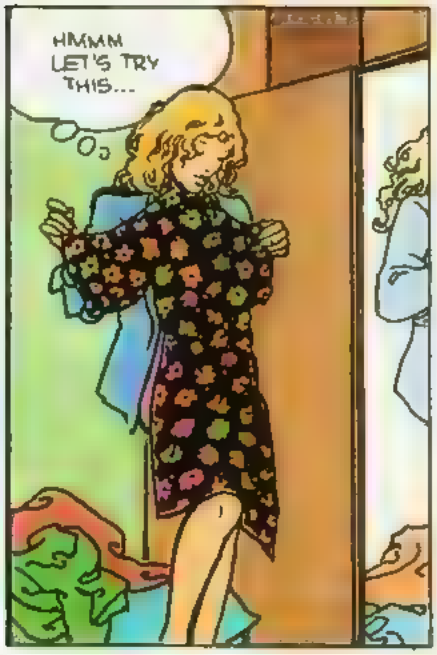

WHAT WILL I BE DOING?
SIMPLY WEAR THIS DRESS AND WAG THAT'S ALL

YOU MEAN I GET DRESSED, WALK OVER THERE, AND DO NOTHING
EXACTLY JUST STAY THERE AND RELAX

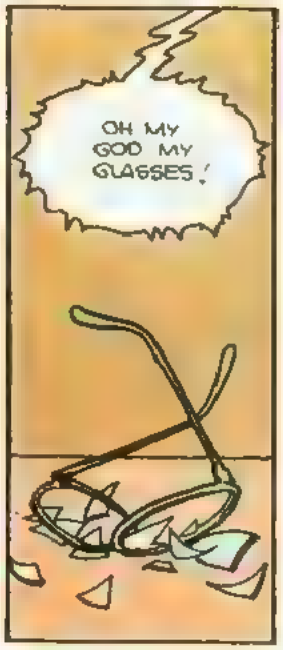
HM, IT SURE SOUNDS EASY.
YES, JUST LIKE I SAID BYE CALL ME WHEN YOU'RE READY.

HA! THAT FIGURES!
BY THE WAY NO PANTIES


WITH ALL THESE NICE DRESSES I'M NOT GOING TO WEAR THAT ONE!


HMMM LET'S TRY THIS...

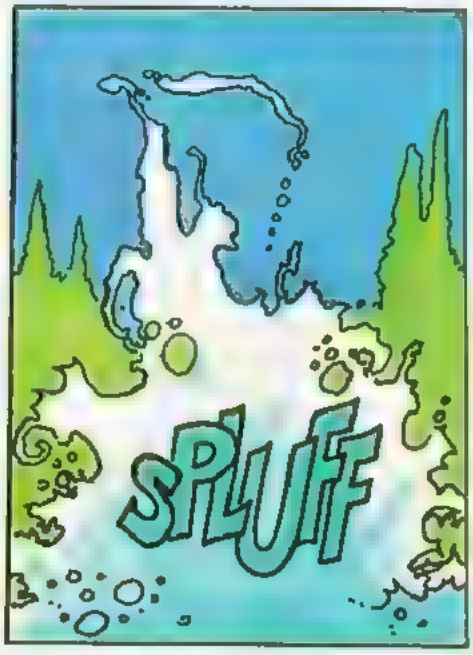
DAMNED SHOELACES!

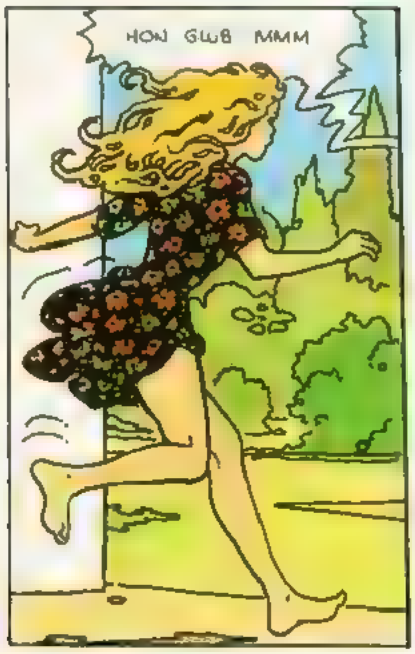

OH MY GOD MY GLASSES!

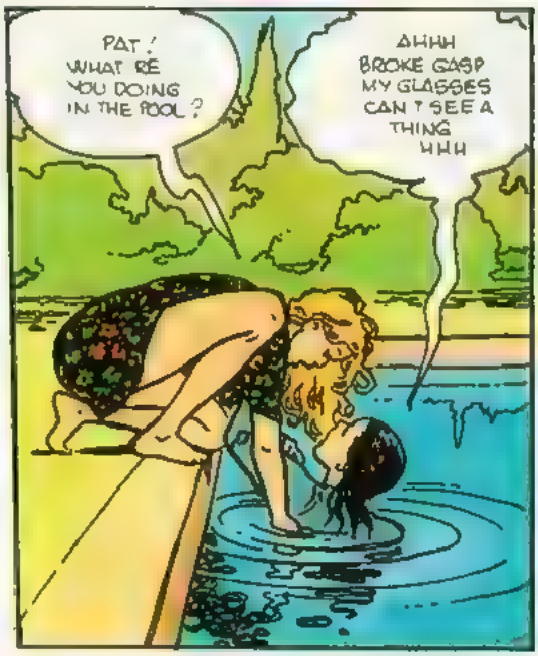
HONEY! HELP! I CAN'T SEE! HONEY!

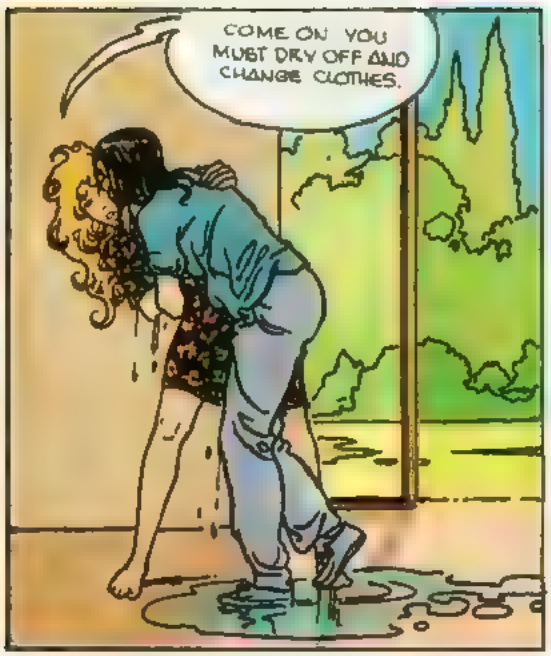
HONEY! TALK TO ME! WHERE ARE YOU?

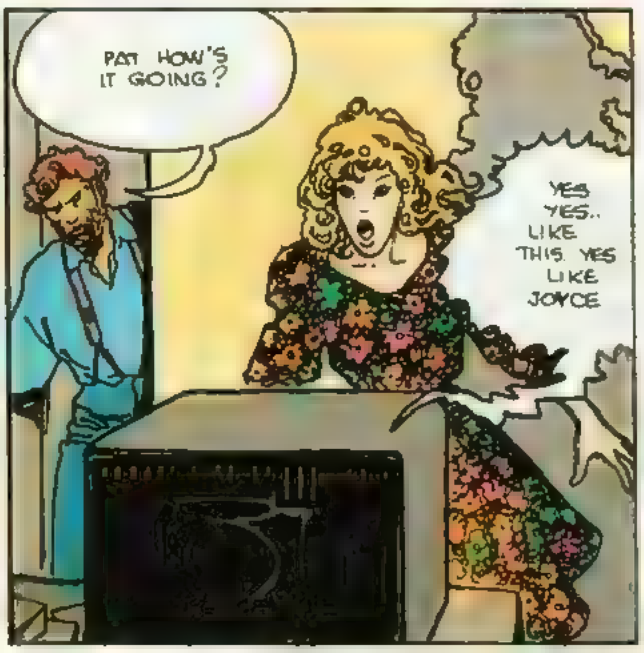
OOH!


SPLUFF









END OF EPISODE FOUR

JOE CHIODO GALLERY

The 38-year-old California native is noted as a colorist for all the big comic houses and as a painter of girlie pinups. So good are his pinups, he has a trading-card set of them.

"A LEG UP"

"PIPE BENDER GENDER"

"UNDIES"

"GOTTA GO"
CHIODO

"I try to balance the painting and coloring to enhance each other. I find that later in your career you are able to put more of your personality into the work. What I like about comics is that you can do a series of paintings that are related, which helps you grow as an artist since you can delve deeper into a subject."

–JOE CHIODO

"CUPID"

SLIM & NUN

EPISODE 9: "THE FLYING FORTRESS"

SLIM CHANCE

SISTER JOAN

J.R. CABOT

MAC McLAIN

1871 Big skies. Great plains. The American West. Slim, a lean, hard-riding man, and the Nun, a gentle woman of God. They meet and begin their adventure of chasing down some gold that belongs to Slim and his pal "Big Mac" McLain. Robber baron J. R. Cabot is the one who swindled them out of their gold. He owns the local saloon and most of the "girls." The Mother Hen is Rawhide Rita, who may have something to do with the gold, and certainly has something to do with J. R. and wants something to do with Slim!

Slim and Big Mac enlist the aid of Mick "The Quick" Quintin, a renowned gunslinger, who brings his own gang of specialists: "Bug-Juice" McBeam, Johnny "Reb" Russell, and Apache Joe. Together, they can attack J. R.'s gold-transportin', near-impregnably armored Hell Wagon!

Slim and Nun are hounded by two sibling, renegade Royal Canadian Mounties, Edward and Celeste Dupre, who subvert the high principles of their uniforms by selling out to Cabot. This passel of good and bad are set to collide on a riverboat Slim and the Nun have commandeered! And now the Thundering Conclusion!

MICK "The Quick" QUINTIN

RAWHIDE RITA

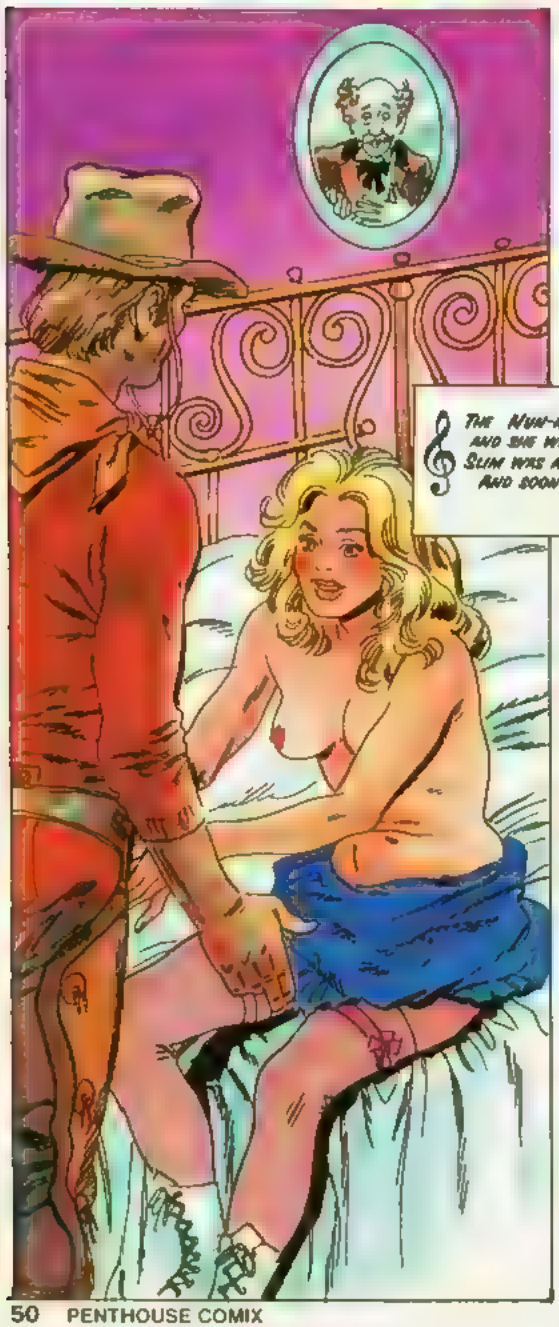
CELESTE DUPRE

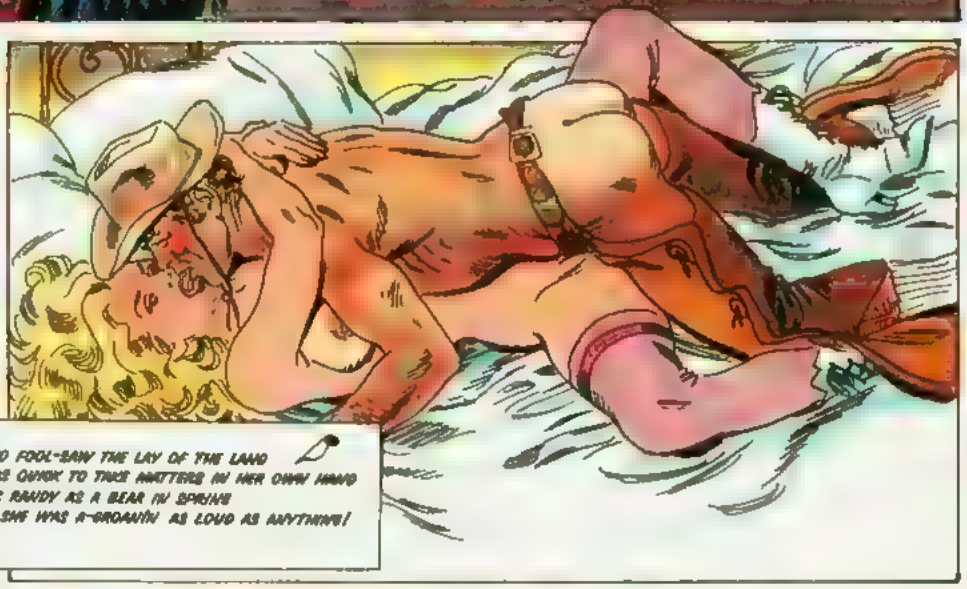
EDMUND DUPRE

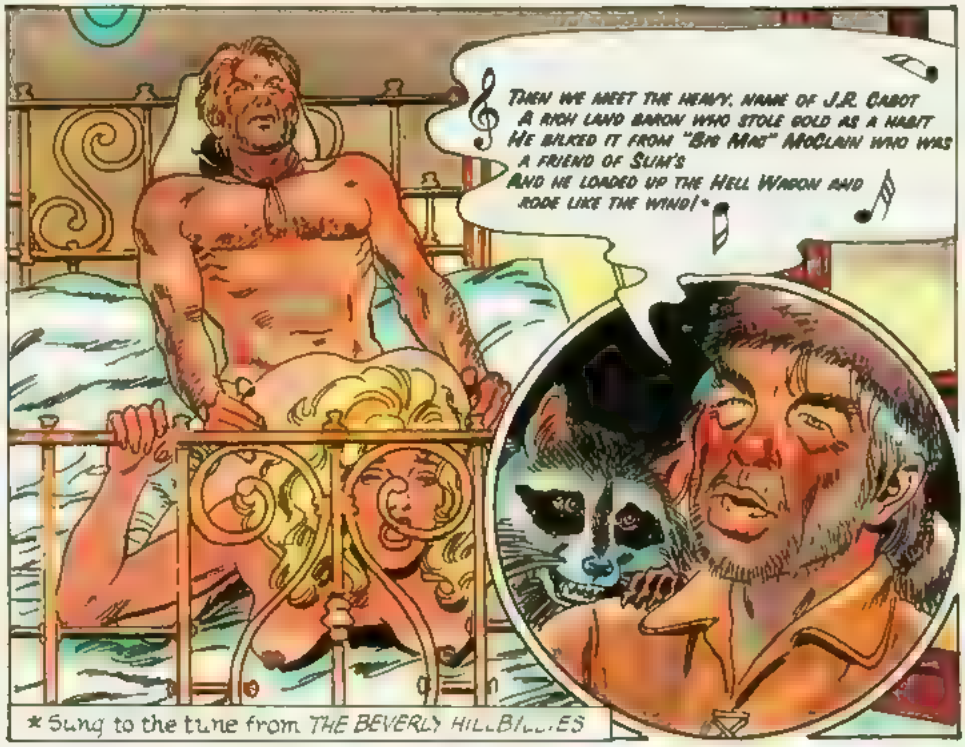
JOHNNY "REB" RUSSELL

ART & STORY BY DAN BARRY
LETTERING & COLORING BY GAIL BECKETT
COLOR ASSISTS BY DAN BARRY

PROLOGUE TO PART 9







* Sung to the tune from THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES

Ignore that fool Bunghole and his musical bit
We'll the beautiful Singing Sisters from the east
She's Tobacco, I'm Tall, an' we're better than that
For you'll never forget our rhythmic singin' feast.

Rowdy Rita - she's our mother hen
Of a clutch of the finest women in the land
She says the Nuh took her gold, but then—
Rita never lies but we know Cabot can.

There's Mick "The Quick" who hates J.R.
- Say, that Mick's why too quick in the dark
But he can shoot the eye off a fly from pretty far
And a' enemy of Cabot's is a friend of Big Mac's.

Two ex-Mounties are running game on the RMP
Tall, they say they always get their man
Apart of Cabot flunks, Celeste and Edward Dupre
Couldn't find their asses with both their hands.

RRRUMMBLLE
KRASH-SHATKT
AIEE! ARGH! UGH! OO-OOPH!
OH, FART! THAT SET THE CANNON OFF!
LOOK OUT! THE RECOIL! THE CANNON'S BROKE LOO-OOO. ARG!
OWWAHHH!
DAMMIT DOC! GUESS THOSE CRUM MY LUNGS O' YOURS GAVE OUT AT LAST, EH?
JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST. SHIT!
WELL, SO MUCH FOR CABOT'S FORTRESS ON WHEELS!
LOOK, JOE! A FLYING FORTRESS!
HEY JOHNNY! HEADS UP!
HEY! IT'S LIKEN' TO SKIP LIKE A...
SPLASH!
STONE!
YAAH!

HERE SHE COMES, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
KERR-RASH!
BOINGG!
CLATTER
WHAT WAS THAT?
GET BACK TO YOUR GAMING, FOLKS. WE'VE JUST TAKEN ON SOME CARGO— AND IT'S NONE OF YOUR CONCERN—
DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?
HA-RUMPH! UH, LOUD AND CLEAR, CAPTAIN!

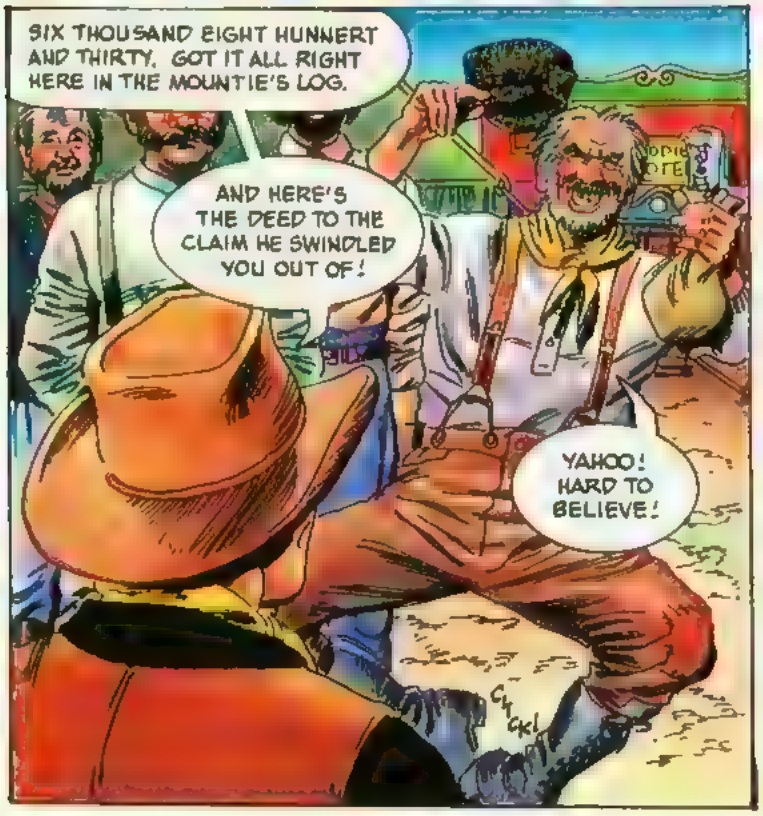
DROP ANCHOR... NOW!
YES, SIR! CAPTAIN, SIR!
YOU HEARD ME! CUT THE ENGINES, BEFORE I SCRATCH MY ITCHY FINGER ON THIS TRIGGER!
Y-YES, MA'AM!
@☆#$! SOMEBODY'S GONNA PAY FOR THIS!
YOU SAID THAT 'XACTLY RIGHT, J.R.! YOU ARE... WITH THAT GOLD YOU'RE HAULIN'!
UH-UHN! DON'T EVEN THINK 'BOUT ARGUIN', YANKEES!
BRATATATAT
DON'T JUST STAND THERE LOOKING STUPID, CABOT! START UNLOADING THAT GOLD!
AFORE JOHNNY REB BEGINS LOWERING HIS SIGHTS!

THAT'S IT, CABOT! PITCH IN AND DO YOUR SHARE! YOU MAY HAVE TO GET USED TO DOING AN *HONEST* DAY'S WORK!
I BELIEVE THIS IS YOURS, BROTHER CHANCE!
AH, SISTER JOAN! BACK IN YOUR FORMAL ATTIRE. MOST BECOMING!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS OUR REAPING OF THE LORD'S BOUNTY.
WELL, MR. CABOT. THE LORD GIVETH, THE LORD TAKETH AWAY.
AND I AM SURE HE WILL TAKE NOTE THAT THESE SINNERS ARE MERELY RECLAIMING WHAT IS *RIGHTFULLY* BROTHER McLAIN'S...
MINE... AND A COUPLE DOZEN O' MY MINING BUDDIES'!
WELL, GOOD DAY TO YOU, BROTHER McLAIN!
AND THE TOP OF THE MORNING TO YOU, SISTER!
MAC McLAIN, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING, THIEVING SON OF A BITCH!
NOW, RITA, YOU *KNOW* YOU WERE OUT TO SCREW ME OUT OF THIS GOLD!
AND WHAT ABOUT THAT WHORE SHIRLEY, WHO STOLE *MY* GOLD? SHE'S UP THERE WITH YOU RIGHT NOW!
WELL, RITA, I *DID* PROMISE TO HAND SHIRLEY OVER TO YOU ONCE THIS WAS OVER.
BUT YOU CAN'T MEAN T' SAY THAT YOU'RE MIXIN' UP THIS HERE PURE UNTAINTED HOLY LADY, SISTER JOAN, WITH NO *WHORE!* FOR SHAME!

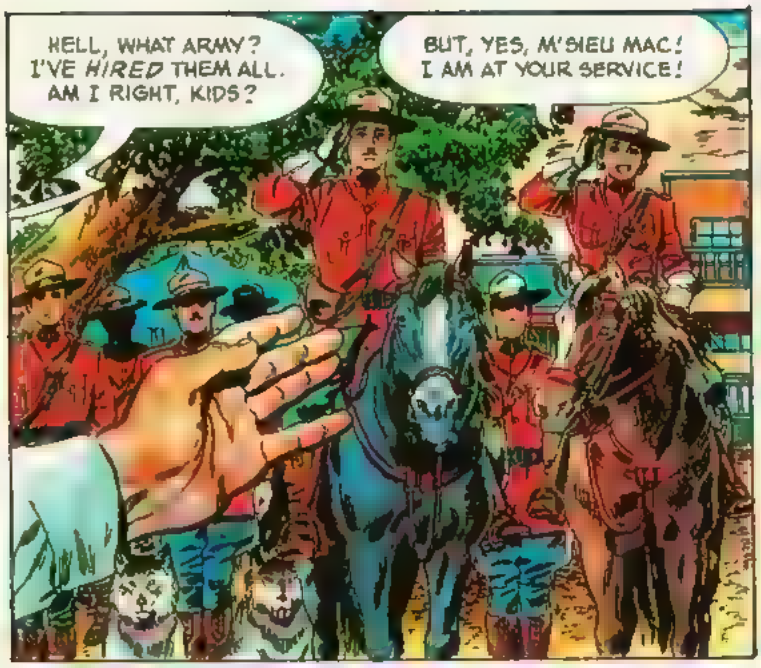
BESIDES, SHE'S A REAL CLOSE FRIEND OF MY PAL SLIM... AND I SURE WON'T RAISE A FINGER AGAINST THEM. IT'S THE CODE OF THE GUYS!

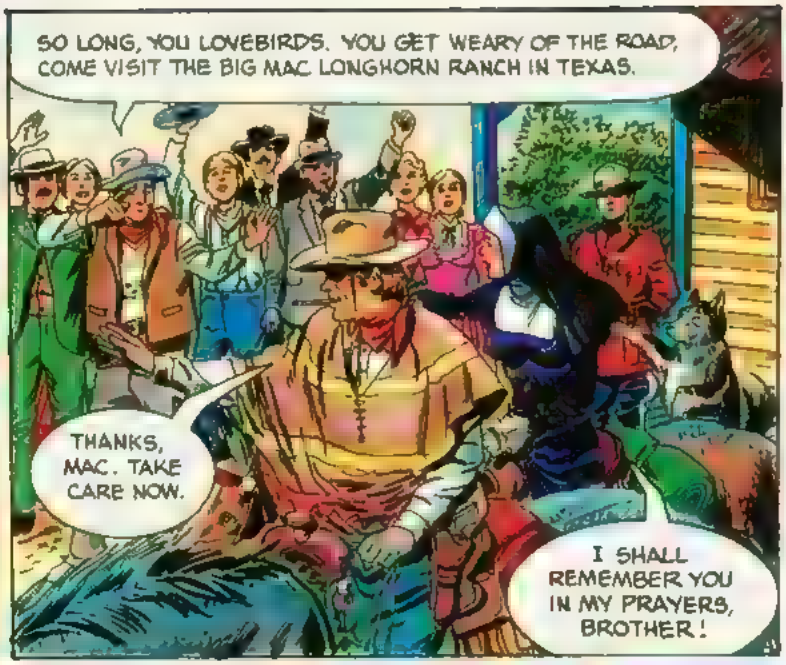
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, RITA— ONCE WE'VE GOT THE MINE BACK, YOU GIRLS WILL GET *RICH* KEEPIN' ALL THOSE LONELY BOYS HAPPY!

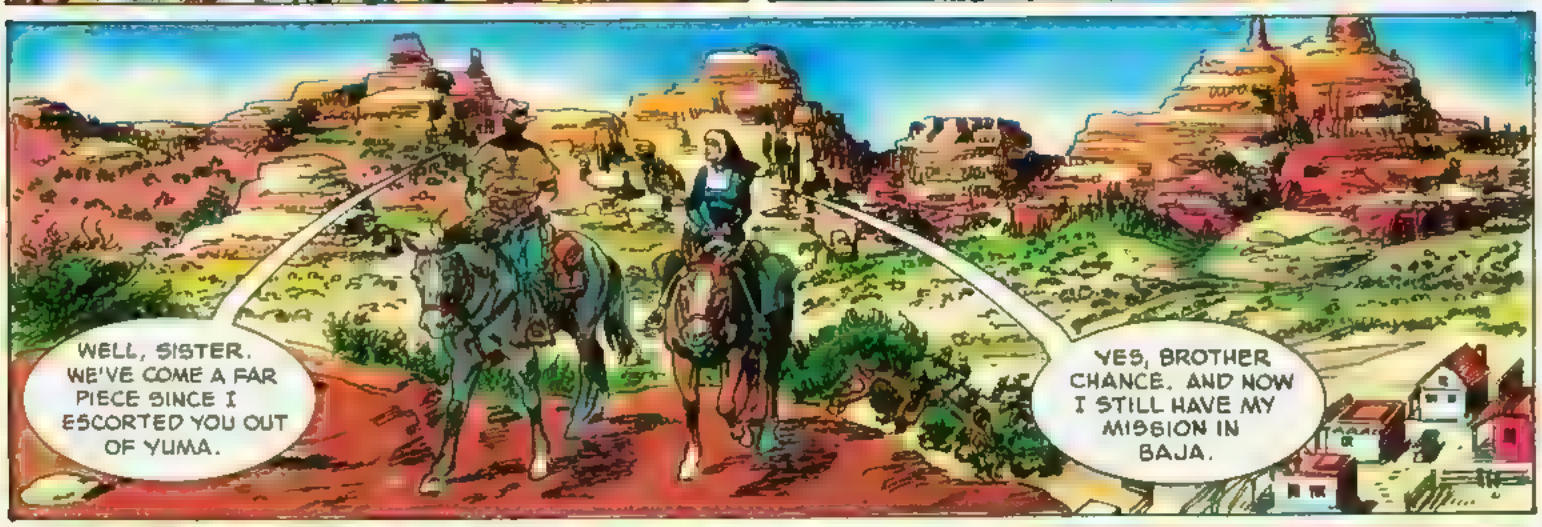
NEXT DAY, UP IN THE SUPERSTITIOUS MOUNTAINS...
JAKE JABBERWOSKY... HOW MUCH DID CABOT FINE YOU ON THOSE TRUMPED-UP CHARGES?
ABOUT SIX THOUSAND, MAC...


SIX THOUSAND EIGHT HUNNERT AND THIRTY. GOT IT ALL RIGHT HERE IN THE MOUNTIE'S LOG.
AND HERE'S THE DEED TO THE CLAIM HE SWINDLED YOU OUT OF!
YAHOO! HARD TO BELIEVE!
CK CK!

BROTHER McLAIN, ARE YOU NOT AFRAID CABOT WILL RETURN WITH HIS PRIVATE ARMY TO ROB YOU AGAIN?

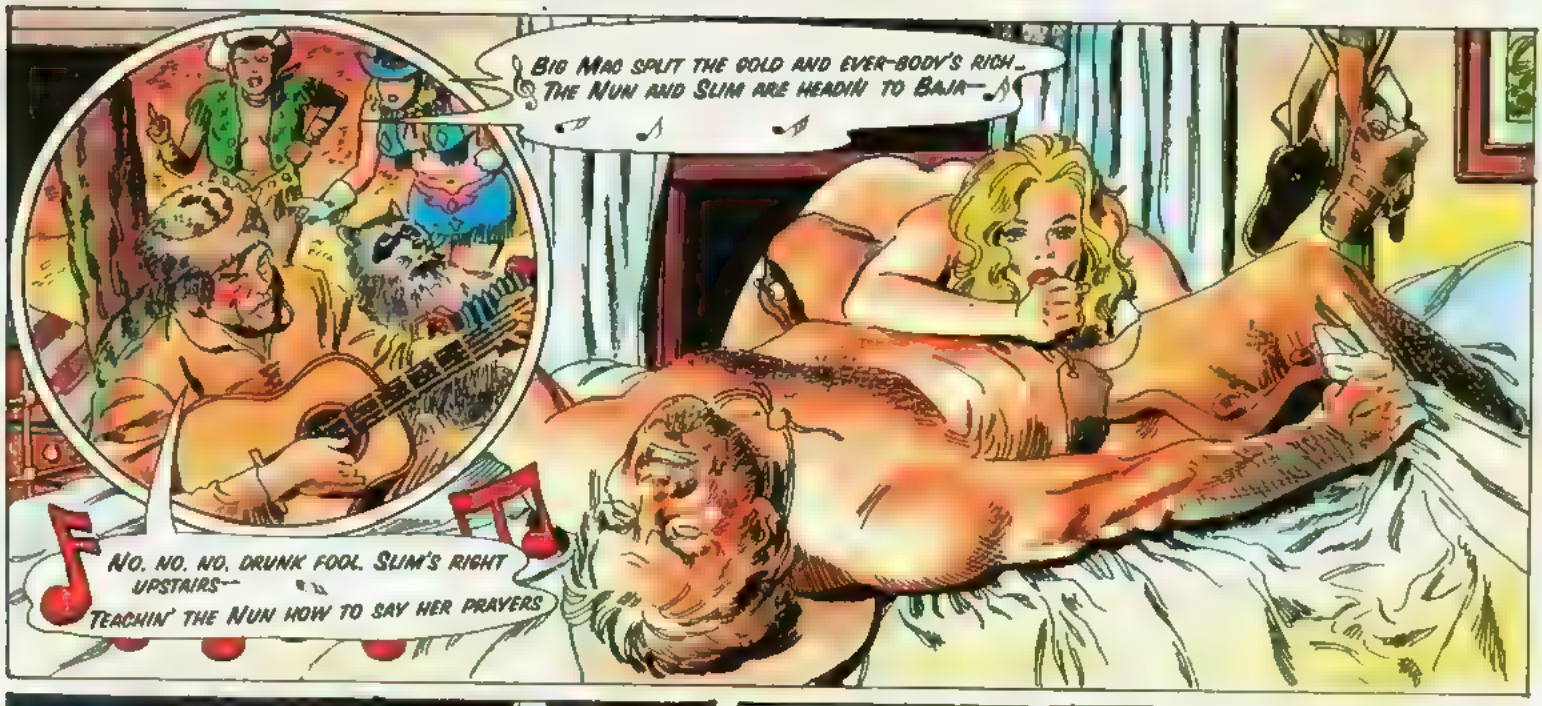

HELL, WHAT ARMY? I'VE *HIRED* THEM ALL. AM I RIGHT, KIDS?
BUT, YES, M'SIEU MAC! I AM AT YOUR SERVICE!


SO LONG, YOU LOVEBIRDS. YOU GET WEARY OF THE ROAD, COME VISIT THE BIG MAC LONGHORN RANCH IN TEXAS.
THANKS, MAC. TAKE CARE NOW.
I SHALL REMEMBER YOU IN MY PRAYERS, BROTHER!

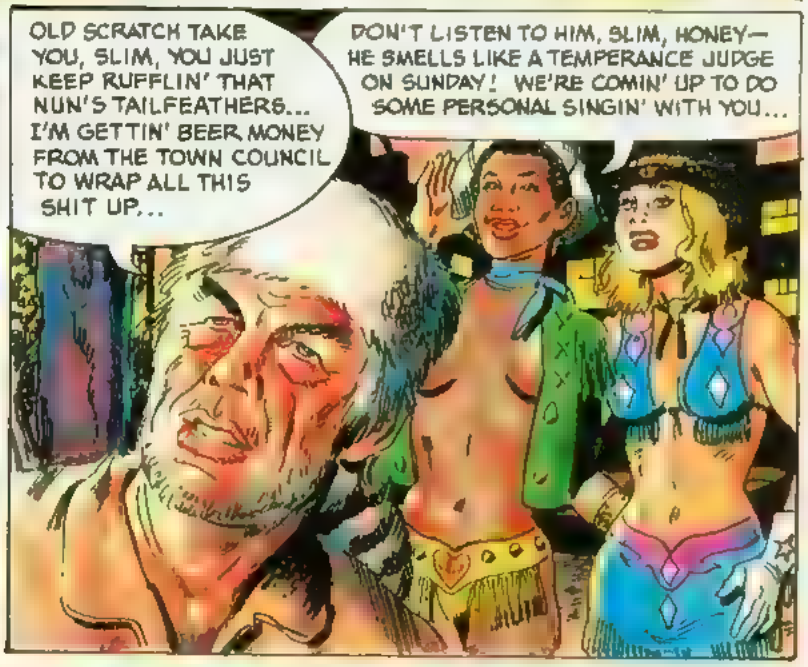

WELL, SISTER. WE'VE COME A FAR PIECE SINCE I ESCORTED YOU OUT OF YUMA.
YES, BROTHER CHANCE. AND NOW I STILL HAVE MY MISSION IN BAJA.

MIND IF I TAG ALONG?
OH, BROTHER CHANCE! WOULD YOU? EVEN AFTER RAWHIDE RITA'S TERRIBLE ACCUSATIONS?

SISTER JOAN, WE MAKE A PACT, AS OF NOW THE PAST IS DEAD. MINE. YOURS.
YOU ARE THE FINEST WOMAN I'VE EVER KNOWED.
"KNOWN," BROTHER CHANCE. AS FOR YOU, YOU ARE EVERY INCH A MAN... AND IT IS AN HONOR TO RIDE WITH YOU.

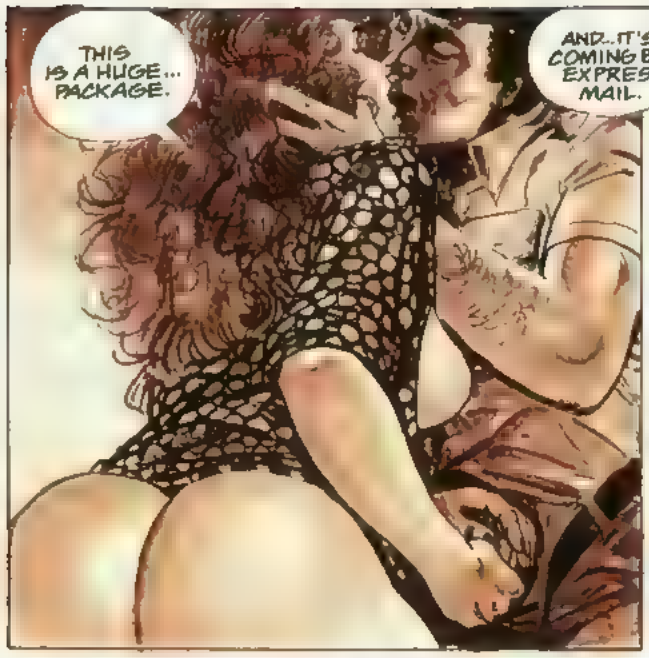

BIG MAC SPLIT THE GOLD AND EVER-BODY'S RICH— THE NUN AND SLIM ARE HEADIN' TO BAJA—
NO. NO. NO. DRUNK FOOL. SLIM'S RIGHT UPSTAIRS— TEACHIN' THE NUN HOW TO SAY HER PRAYERS

SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU STUPID BASTARDS!


OLD SCRATCH TAKE YOU, SLIM, YOU JUST KEEP RUFFLIN' THAT NUN'S TAILFEATHERS... I'M GETTIN' BEER MONEY FROM THE TOWN COUNCIL TO WRAP ALL THIS SHIT UP...
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, SLIM, HONEY— HE SMELLS LIKE A TEMPERANCE JUDGE ON SUNDAY! WE'RE COMIN' UP TO DO SOME PERSONAL SINGIN' WITH YOU...

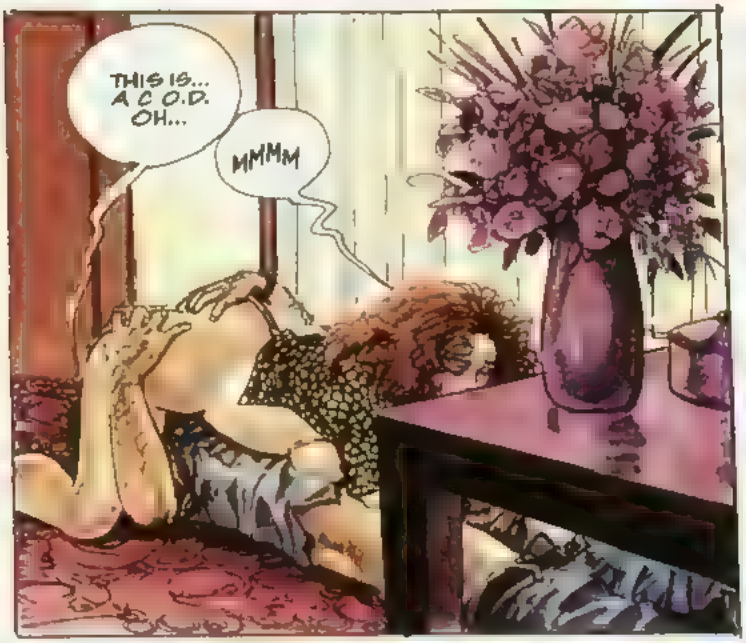
HA-HA-HA! SOME DAY, NUN, YOU WILL BE MINE! SO SAYS EL DIABLO!
PA-PA-PA
PE-YE-OW!
PHUT-PHUT-PYEOW!
EOW-EOW!
FINIS

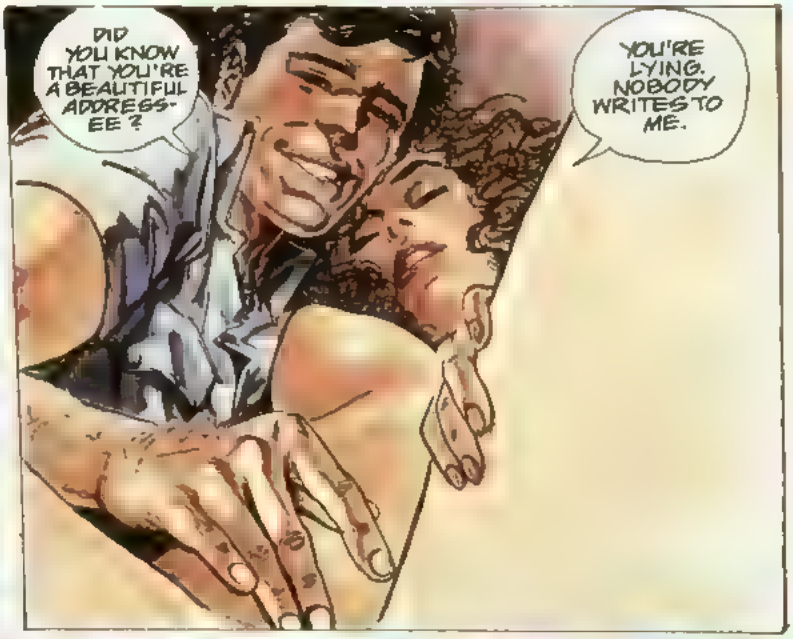
HELLO, MADAM I HAVE A CERTIFIED LETTER. I NEED YOUR SIGNATURE.
THANK YOU. COME IN WHILE I LOOK FOR A PEN.
I HAVE...
WELL, DON'T YOU WANT A TIP, TOO?
DON'T BOTHER. IT'S NOT NECESSARY.
NO? ALRIGHT, BUT IT'S YOUR LOSS!
WELL... HOW MUCH OF A TIP WERE YOU THINKING OF GIVING ME?
NOT HOW MUCH... I WAS THINKING OF GIVING YOU...
YOU DESERVE SOMETHING SPECIAL BECAUSE YOU ARE... VERY GOOD IN YOUR DELIVERIES. HASN'T ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU SO?
MAYBE. I'M ONLY DOING MY JOB...
YOU DON'T COME TO VISIT ME VERY OFTEN, DO YOU, POSTMAN?
YOU DON'T GET MANY LETTERS.
I'D LIKE YOU TO VISIT MORE OFTEN AND... RECEIVE...
OOPS!
DO YOU HAVE A LOT TO DELIVER?
MAYBE..
THERE'S A LOT! I'LL TAKE IT. I'M A... MAIL-BOX!
WHAT A MAIL-BOX!


THIS IS A HUGE... PACKAGE.
AND..IT'S COMING BY EXPRESS MAIL.

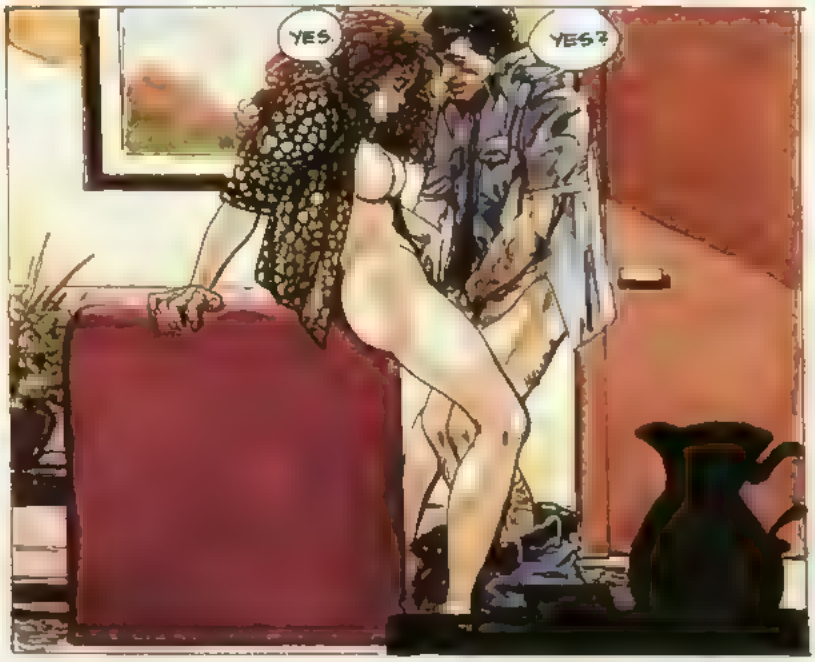
GIVE IT TO ME. I'M THE ADDRESSEE.
OUF...

IT'S A C.O.D.


THIS IS... A C.O.D. OH...
MMMM


DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL ADDRESS-EE ?
YOU'RE LYING. NOBODY WRITES TO ME.

I'LL WRITE TO YOU IF THAT'S ALL IT TAKES.


YES.
YES?

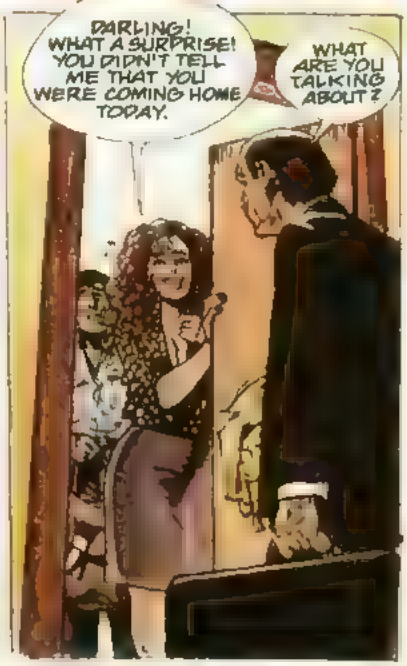
YOU'VE REACHED YOUR DESTINATION. LOOK FOR THE HOUSE.

BINGO!

OH!

THAT WAS GREAT! IS IT TRUE THAT THE POSTMAN ALWAYS COMES TWICE, DARLING?
AREN'T YOU SATIS-FIED?

RING! RING!! RING!!!
GOD! IT'S MY HUSBAND! HE RINGS THREE TIMES!
YOUR... HUS-HUS-BAND?


DARLING! WHAT A SURPRISE! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THAT YOU WERE COMING HOME TODAY.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

OF COURSE I DID. I SENT YOU A CERTIFIED LETTER.
A-A CERTIFIED... LETTER?
?

HUH?
WHY, OF COURSE! HERE'S YOUR LETTER!
SEE? YOU CALL THIS SERVICE? THE LETTER GOT HERE WHEN YOU DID!

?
IT'S A DISGRACE HOW THE POSTAL SERVICE WORKS! I PAY TAXES FOR THIS!
WELL, I'M GOING.

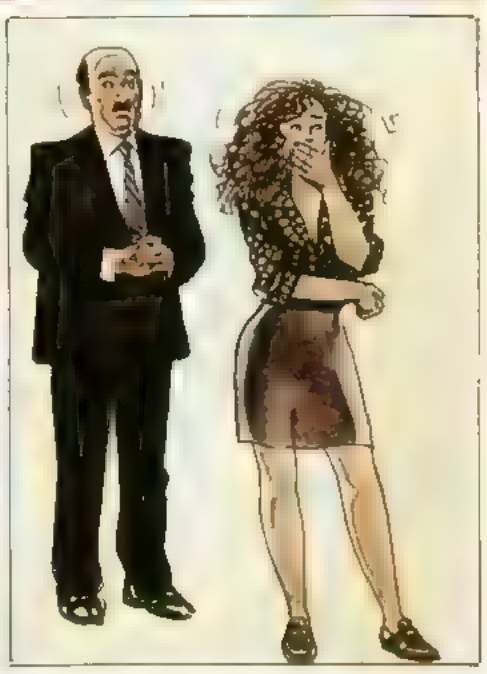
AND YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT YOUR TIP!
OK. BYE!

SO, WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE? LET'S HEAR YOUR EXPLANATION.
WHO...THE P-POSTMAN? HE... HE ASKED ME FOR A GLASS OF WATER AND I GAVE HIM ONE.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW? WHAT ARE YOU INSINUATING? YOU DON'T THINK... THAT...
N-O-O-O.

BUT THAT POSTMAN IS A WOMANIZER. THE PORTER TOLD ME THAT THIS IDIOT GOES AROUND TELLING EVERYONE THAT HE'S FUCKED EVERY WOMAN IN THIS BUILDING EXCEPT FOR ONE.
EXCEPT FOR ONE?

OF COURSE! THAT WOULD BE THAT OLD BITCH FROM 3B!



Story: Caragonne & Dixon Script: Eliot R. Brown Art: John M. Burns Lettering: Vickie Williams

ABDUCTED BY ALIENS

PART FOUR-CONCLUSION

An alien race abducts humans at will to perform genetic experiments in an effort to save themselves from genetic breakdown, while a U.S. shadow government's elite military forces seek to monitor all abductions and victims.

Richard and Theaure entangled UFO investigators who decide to re-open the case of Richard's wifes abduction seven years ago, but during an alien attack, Richard finds the answers to his worst nightmare - he was part of an alien landing team that changed his appearance and implanted false, human memories...

Enter the military!

YOU MUST BE FROM THE SCOUT SHIP THAT CRASHED FOUR CYCLES AGO. YOU ARE THE ONLY SURVIVOR...
AGH! OUR SHIP WAS COMING APART... MY CREW WAS IN EXTREME GENETIC DISORDER... NOTHING WORKED RIGHT— AGH! IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME...

RICH... RICHARD...?
NO. MY NAME IS GUH' NAHD... THEA...
BUT... HOW...?

MY LIFEBOAT LANDED NOT FAR FROM MY WRECKED SHIP...YOUR MILITARY SWOOPED IN...
...I ESCAPED WITH LITTLE MORE THAN MY SKIN INTACT AND A SURVIVAL KIT.

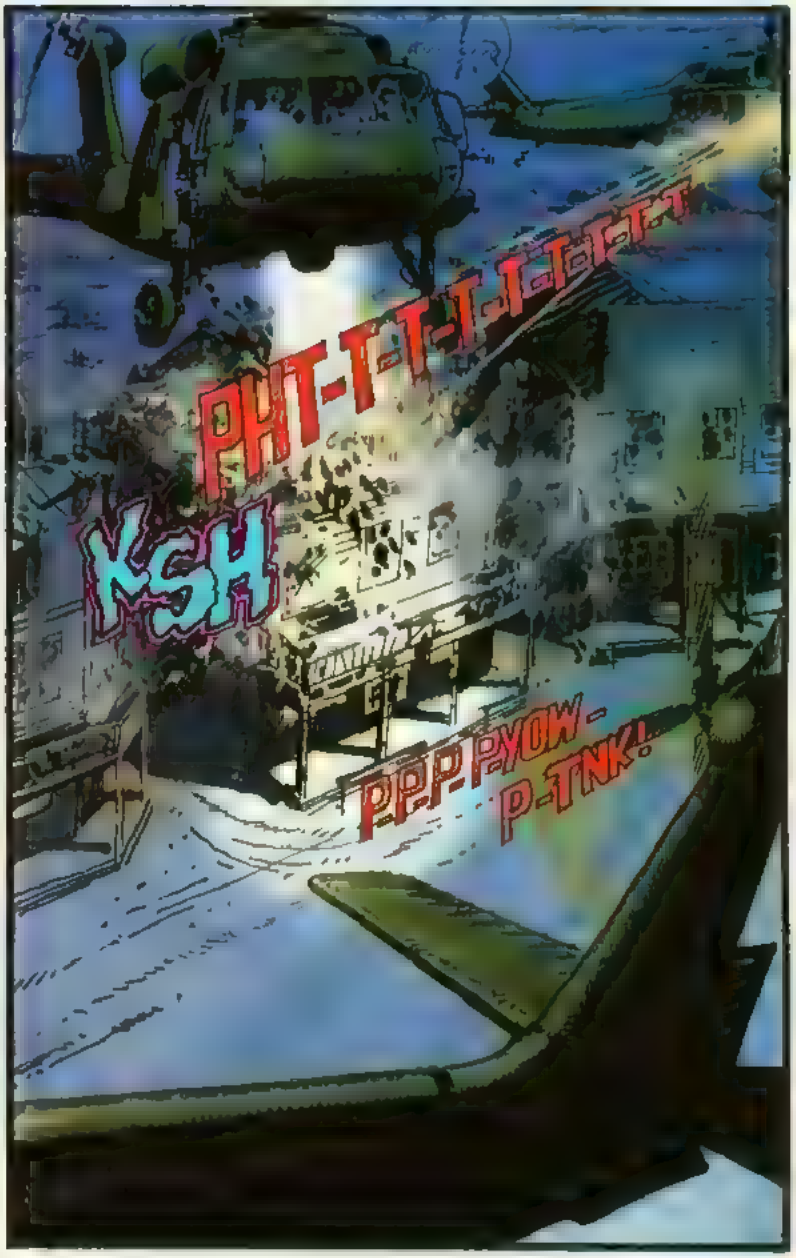
WITH THE KIT, I COULD BLEND IN TO HUMAN SOCIETY... IT NOT ONLY CHANGED MY APPEARANCE, IT IMPLANTED FALSE MEMORIES AND EVEN PROVIDED CLOTHING, MONEY, AND I.D.
MY SHIP WOULD HAVE NORMALLY BEEN ABLE TO REPORT MY SURVIVAL, BUT THOSE SYSTEMS HAD FAILED TOO...

I HAD ESCAPED AND LATER, THE MEMORIES OF MY "ABDUCTED WIFE" AND "LIFE" ASSERTED THEMSELVES... I WAS A FUNCTIONING EARTHMAN...

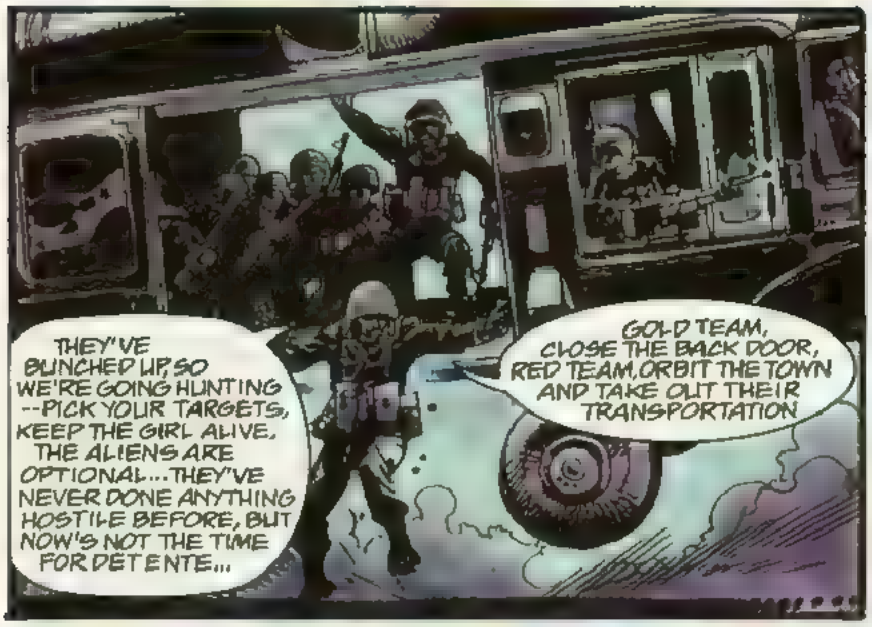
FUNCTIONING... EARTHMAN...
THEA... I HAD NO IDEA THAT THE CONDITIONING WAS SO DEEP.. I...

THAT NOISE! IT'S THOSE AIR-SCREW FLYING VEHICLES! AVOID THE LIGHTS!
THEA... BEWARE! THE MILITARY IS NERVOUS AND MIGHT START SHOOTING!

HUNTER ONE, I HAVE ONE 96° BODY AND THREE 108°--ALL LOCKED ON AND TRACKING WITH DEEP RADAR...
THIS IS BIG WHEEL, TAKE OUT THE ONE-OH-EIGHTS, REPEAT: ONE-OH-EIGHTS! MISS THE NINER-SIX!
GOOD TO GO, SIR... GUNNER, ENGAGE...


PHT-T-T-T-T-T-T-T-T
KSH
P.P.P.P-YOW-P-TNK!

AAARG--
KSH-
KEESH
PYA-
PYA-
PYEOW!!
THIS WAY!
RICHARD!


THEY'VE BUNCHED UP, SO WE'RE GOING HUNTING --PICK YOUR TARGETS, KEEP THE GIRL ALIVE, THE ALIENS ARE OPTIONAL... THEY'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING HOSTILE BEFORE, BUT NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR DETENTE...
GOLD TEAM, CLOSE THE BACK DOOR, RED TEAM, ORBIT THE TOWN AND TAKE OUT THEIR TRANSPORTATION

SHHH-KA-BOOM!
HEY... I LIKED THAT CAR...

SO, IT IS TO BE TO THE DEATH... LOW-POTENTIAL, TREE-CLIMBING MAMMALS... YOU WISH TO KNOW MORE OF OUR ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY? THIS IS A BEAM OF ANTI-PROTONS! TASTE IT AND DIE!!

BOOOM!
BAM BAM
EEEEEEEEE
KA FHOOOM!
AAAAGH!!
BAM BAM
SHIT! WOUND IF YOU CAN... BUT STOP HER!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
CHRIST, TULLY, RED TEAM'S DOWN, MY MEN JUST GOT CUT IN TWO.
... SHIT!
BOOOM!
THERE GOES BLUE CHOPPER... WE CAN'T STOP HER...
GOD-DAMN...TULLY, I NEED A HOT LANCE RIGHT NOW-- REPEAT: HOT LANCE.
FU-U-UCK.

ENOUGH!
UNH! ARE YOU MAD?

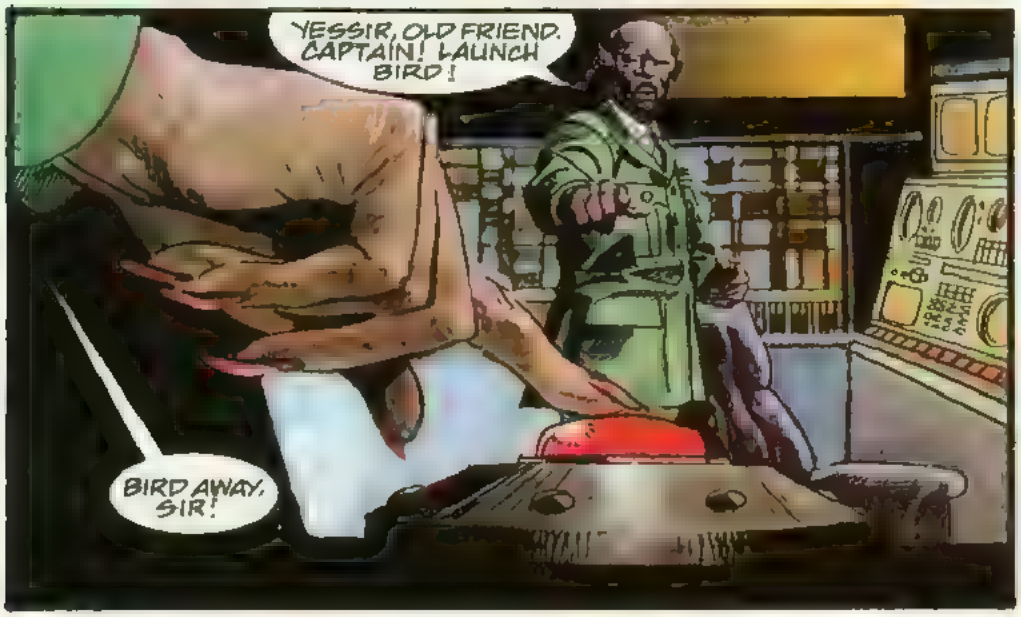
UNHAND ME--HUMAN SYMPATHIZER!
THUD

RRAAAARGH!
THESE THINGS CAN NEVER KNOW ABOUT US--THEY MUST ALL DIE!

YOU HAVE GROWN BLOODTHIRSTY! THAT IS NO WAY TO ACHIEVE OUR GOALS!
YOU HAVE GROWN SOFT! THESE HUMANS HAVE BECOME BELOVED PETS TO YOU... WE MUST PROTECT OURSELVES!
EEEEE

EEEEEEEEEKA-BAMMMM!
UNH!
KEE-RIST, TULLY! THAT FUCKIN' BITCH ALMOST GOT ME...

C'MON, BUDDY, NOTHING MUST GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE...TARGET ME WITH THE GPS NUMBERS OFF MY COMM GEAR...
...DO IT NOW, PAL... I DON'T NEED NO ALIEN SHIT BEAM UP MY ASS!


YESSIR, OLD FRIEND. CAPTAIN! LAUNCH BIRD!
BIRD AWAY, SIR!

"MAY GOD REST YOUR SOUL, ABRAMS..."
RO-OO-A-A-RRR!!!

DO YOU HEAR!? THAT'S A MISSILE... IT MUST BE... NUCLEAR...
NUCLEAR! YOU WOULD FIGHT OVER THESE...THESE INSECTS!?

THESE 'INSECTS' HAVE A SHORT, VIOLENT HISTORY... BUT IT IS FILLED WITH HONORABLE TRADITIONS, GREAT BEAUTY, AND RICHNESS--
YOU SYMPATHIZER FOOL! THEY WILL RICHLY DESTROY US... UNHAND ME!

YOU WOULD DESTROY WHAT YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THE KILLING MUST STOP!
THUNK
UNH!

BUT NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A LITTLE APPLIED FORCE...
EEEEEE

EEEEEEEE
KEK-K-K-K
CHRIST! THAT'S A 100-KILOTON WARHEAD!

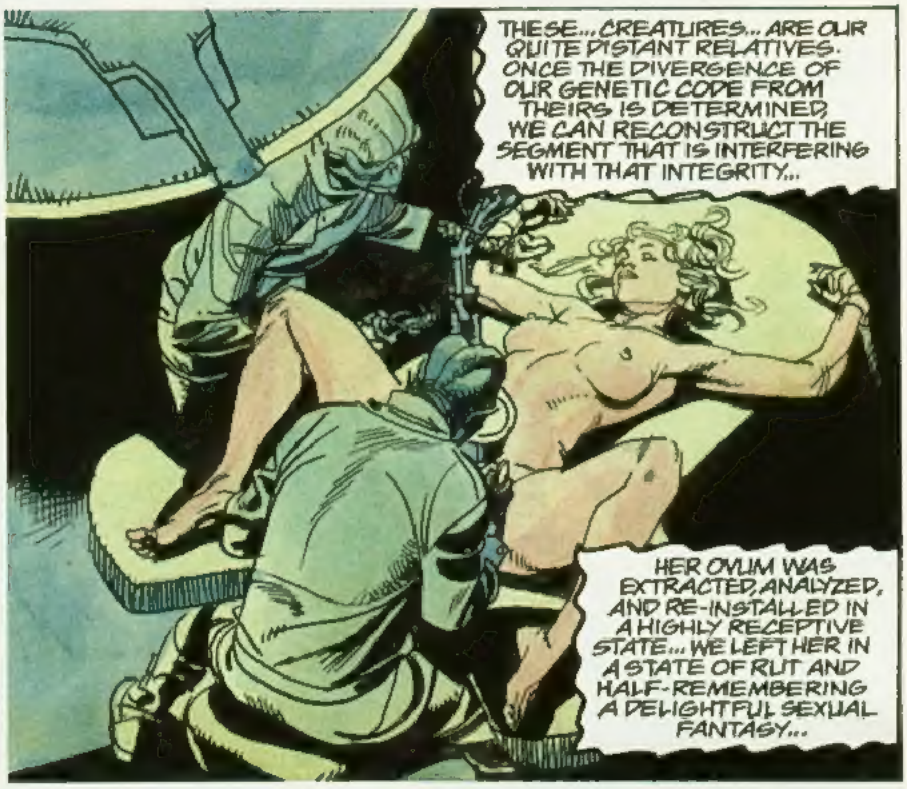
DON'T WORRY, COLONEL; THIS UNIT IS SMALL BUT CAN CONTAIN THE WORST OF THE BLAST EFFECTS.

STAND YOUR FORCES DOWN, COLONEL--NOW!
TULLY--TULLY, MOVE EVERYONE THAT'S LEFT BACK TO A 10-MILE RADIUS... I-I'LL GET BACK TO YOU ASAP...

ALRIGHT, I WANT SOME ANSWERS FROM YOU--AND CUT THE CRAP ABOUT MY BEING "HUMAN" TOO LONG...
YOUR WORDS BETRAY YOU...

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN MONITORING THIS WOMAN?
SHE WAS IMPLANTED SEVEN CYCLES AGO AND WHILE WE WERE IN HER PROXIMITY ABOUT A TWENTIETH CYCLE AGO, SO WE TOOK HER IN... YOU WERE WITH HER THEN, BUT WE DID NOT SCAN YOU--OR WE WOULD'VE KNOWN WHO YOU WERE. WE MERELY IMMOBILIZED YOU.

THE HUMANS CALL IT 'MISSING TIME' BUT IT WAS SIMPLY SPENT IN MEDICAL BAY 3, OUR SPECIALIZED EUGENICS LAB.
GUH'NAHD, YOU KNOW THAT OUR RACE'S GENETIC INTEGRITY IS FAILING. THE ELIXIR THAT WE MUST TAKE TO GUIDE THE REPLICATION OF OUR GENETIC CODE HAS LOST ITS EFFECTIVENESS...


THESE... CREATURES... ARE OUR QUITE DISTANT RELATIVES. ONCE THE DIVERGENCE OF OUR GENETIC CODE FROM THEIRS IS DETERMINED, WE CAN RECONSTRUCT THE SEGMENT THAT IS INTERFERING WITH THAT INTEGRITY...
HER OVUM WAS EXTRACTED, ANALYZED, AND RE-INSTALLED IN A HIGHLY RECEPTIVE STATE... WE LEFT HER IN A STATE OF RUT AND HALF-REMEMBERING A DELIGHTFUL SEXUAL FANTASY...

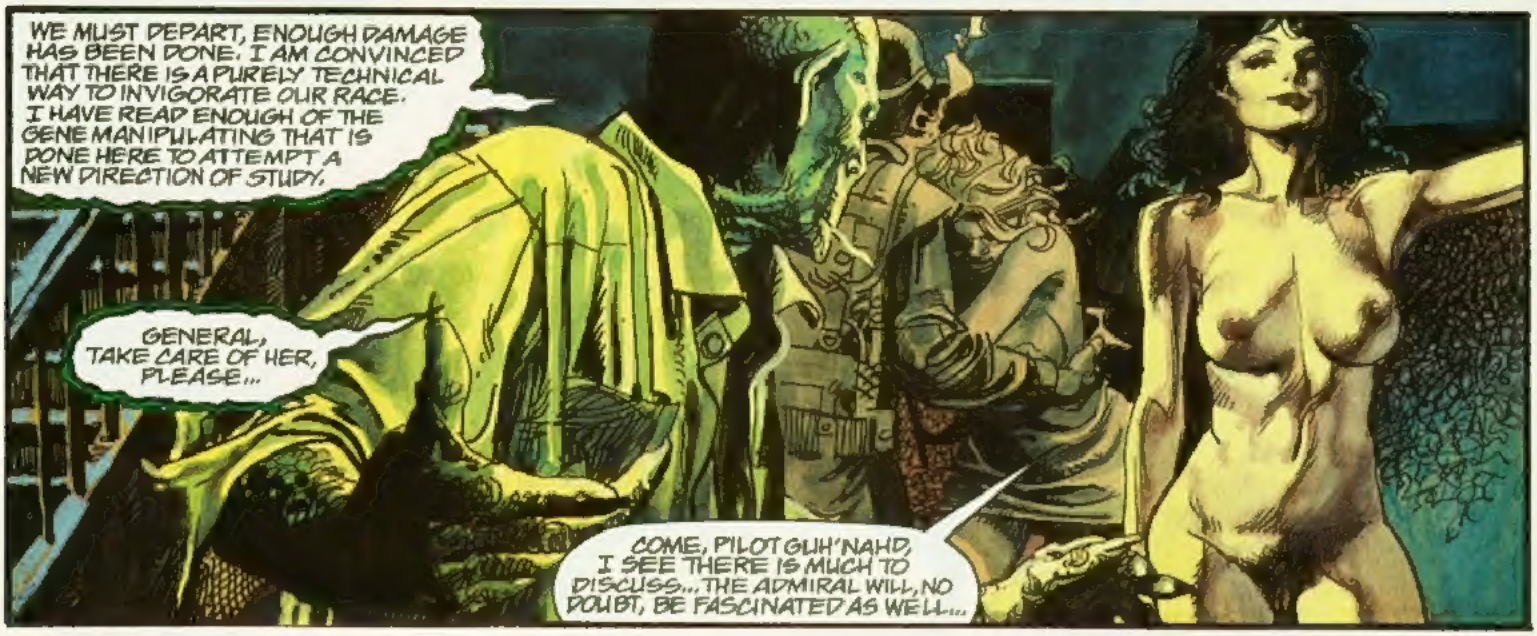
FOR GOD'S SAKE... YOU UNFEELING MONSTER...

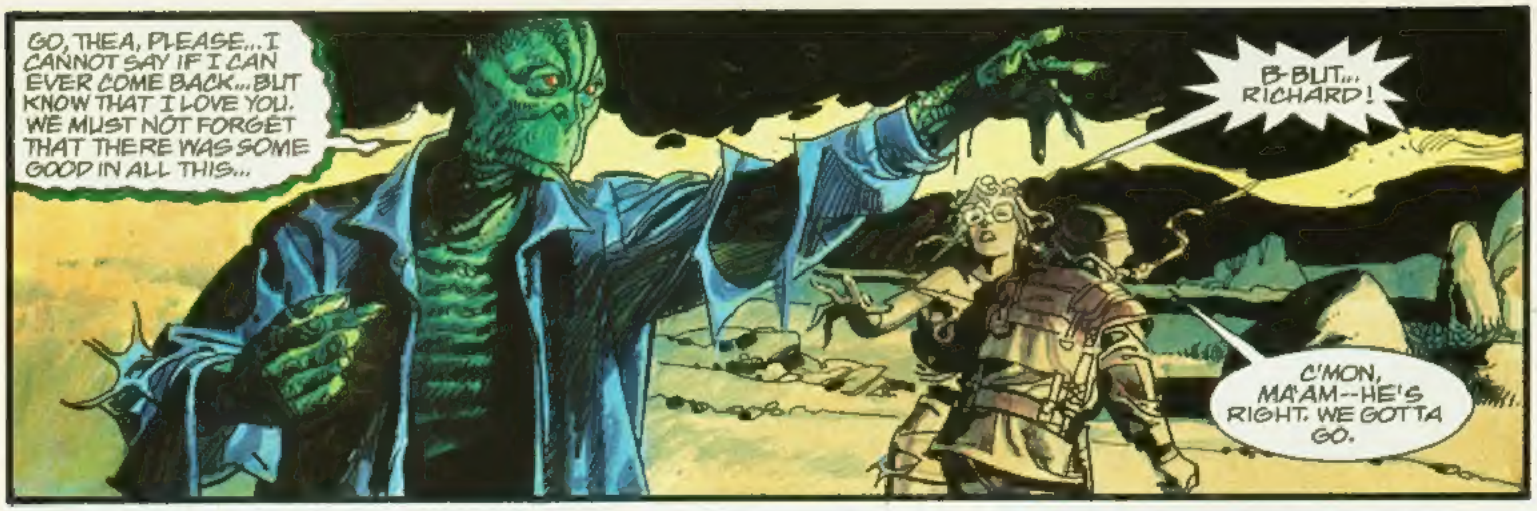
"UNFEELING." I THINK NOT. YOU THINK NOTHING OF GOADING A PRIMATE IN A ZOO TO COPULATE WITH ANOTHER AND NEVER WONDER WHAT THE PRIMATE FEELS. YOU ARE EXACT ANALOGS TO US OF PRIMATES IN A ZOO TO YOU. NO MORE.

RICHARD... YOU'VE LIVED WITH US... WORKED WITH US... YOU DON'T AGREE WITH... WITH HER...? RICHARD!
SSSSSSS

THEA... THERE IS LITTLE I COULD SAY... OF COURSE I KNOW BETTER, BUT I AM OF THE BROOD. I AM A SOLDIER, A SCIENTIST, AND A PILOT... MY PEOPLE NEED ME... MY RACE NEEDS ME...
...I NEED YOU...

THEA... I HAVE--HAD COME TO NEED YOU... MY BODY WAS NOT MADE TO MAINTAIN THE ARTIFICIAL ALLOPLASTY THAT MADE ME APPEAR HUMAN FOR SO LONG— I NEED SPECIAL MEDICAL ATTENTION OR I SHALL DIE...


WE MUST DEPART, ENOUGH DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE. I AM CONVINCED THAT THERE IS A PURELY TECHNICAL WAY TO INVIGORATE OUR RACE. I HAVE READ ENOUGH OF THE GENE MANIPULATING THAT IS DONE HERE TO ATTEMPT A NEW DIRECTION OF STUDY.
GENERAL, TAKE CARE OF HER, PLEASE...
COME, PILOT GUH'NAHD, I SEE THERE IS MUCH TO DISCUSS... THE ADMIRAL WILL, NO DOUBT, BE FASCINATED AS WELL...


GO, THEA, PLEASE... I CANNOT SAY IF I CAN EVER COME BACK... BUT KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU. WE MUST NOT FORGET THAT THERE WAS SOME GOOD IN ALL THIS...
B-BUT... RICHARD!
C'MON, MA'AM--HE'S RIGHT. WE GOTTA GO.

...YEAH, TULLY, I NEED A MED-EVAC AND A BLACK-BAG CREW IN HERE, YESTERDAY...

...I'VE GOT THE CIVILIAN WOMAN, THEA, HERE-- SEEMS LIKE SHE MIGHT BE IN SHOCK...

...JUST GET ME THE HELL OUTTA HERE, PAL. I NEED TO DE-BRIEF, FIND A STIFF DRINK...

...AND LET THINGS GET BACK TO NORMAL!

THE END?